The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* March *will be noticed in the* April *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th April *in the* May *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that there is a probability of the recently discovered part of the correspondence between Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop being published in the course of the year. Mrs. Dunlop's letters are fairly complete, and there is a large number of new Burns' letters and manuscripts of poems, some new, and some with various readings.

We understand that two new editions of the Waverley novels are on the way. One is to be cheap, though elegantly got up, the price being about one and sixpence a volume. The other is in the hands of a firm which has distinguished itself by the publication of a very fine Burns.

Mr. Austin Dobson is engaged in preparing a single-volume edition of his Collected Poems, which will contain all the verse by which he elects to be known. The volume, which will contain some 400 pages, will be published in the early autumn.

Mr. Frank Podmore, who is well known among students of spirit-lore by his "Phantasms of the Living," has just concluded the writing of a work which is likely to cause some stir in the dove-cotes of Spiritualism. This book is entitled "Studies in Psychical Research," and is, in effect, a rather surprising exposure of many of the best-reputed mediums, together with a careful examination of some of the ghost stories which have hitherto been accepted by the followers of Psychical Research as incontrovertible. Various subjects are attacked, and it may even be said that the whole field of Spiritualism is more or less covered, since separate chapters deal with "Spirit Rapping," "Spirit Manifestations," "Thought Reading," "Clairvoyance," "Haunted Houses," and kindred topics. There will be illustrations in the shape of fac-similes of some of the pictures drawn by subjects under mesmeric influence. The work will be published probably about Easter time, in England by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., and in America by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Messrs. Service and Paton are preparing a new edition of Hawthorne's romances, which will contain introductions by Mr. Moncure D. Conway. The edition will be printed by Constable, abundantly illustrated, and very elegantly bound. It will be the handsomest edition of Hawthorne that has appeared in this country. It is expected that the first volume will be published in the spring.

Although only Volumes I. and II. of Messrs. Scribner's "Outward Bound" edition of Mr. Kipling's works have so far been issued, we hear that practically all the copies on vellum have already been disposed of, and that the edition bids fair to be a conspicuous success from every point of view.

Mr. Rolf Boldrewood is, we hear, busy completing the MS. of a new novel, to which he has given the title of "Plain Living."

We understand that since the success of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's "Many Cargoes," he has received many applications for his next book from different publishers, but that he declines to bind himself in advance. Mr. Jacobs's affairs are in the hands of Mr. J. B. Pinker, the new literary and artistic agent, who seems to be drawing to himself some of the best talent among the younger literary men. Mr. Pinker also manages the affairs of Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Eden Philpotts, Mr. E. J. Sullivan, and many other well-known novelists and artists.

Mr. Spencer C. Blackett, the manager of Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., sailed for America at the close of February, for a business tour, which is expected to last over some three months. Before leaving he was offered and accepted a seat upon the Board of the Company. During his absence we understand that Mr. Arthur Waugh is to act as deputy manager of the firm, where he has been assisting Mr. Blackett for the last fifteen months.

Mr. James Mentieth Graham, the translator of Jose Echegaray's "Mariana," the first of Miss Elizabeth Robins' Ibsen-Echegaray matinée performances at the Royal Court Theatre, holds by direct assignment all the dramatic rights in the English language in that masterpiece, and also in Echegaray's "Son of Don Juan." Mr. Graham has written a remarkable Russian story under the title of "The Son of the Czar," which will be published in English and Russian immediately. The English publishers are Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.

Mr. Barry Pain has just concluded a story of some 10,000 words, dealing with the emotions of a young authoress and the pathos of her ambitions. It will appear in one of the magazines this spring.

The first number of a new weekly paper, conducted by Mrs. Roy Devereux, is promised for early in March. Fiction will form a conspicuous feature of the new venture.

Mr. Keighley Snowden's "The Web of an Old Weaver," recently reviewed in The Bookman, is going into a new edition. A colonial edition of it is also being prepared.

Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan) has recently completed the MS. of a sequel to her "American Girl in London." The title of the new story is "An American Girl Abroad," and it will first see the light in this country in the columns of the *Queen*, where it begins in the first week in April next.

The serial publication of Mr. R. D. Blackmore's new novel, "Dariel," will, we understand, be completed in *Blackwood's Magazine* towards the end of the year, and it will then be published in book form in this country by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Miss Lily Dougall, the author of "Beggars All" and "What Necessity Knows," etc., etc., will shortly publish, through Messrs. A. and C. Black, a new volume of short stories, to which she has given the general title of "A Dozen Ways of Love."

Miss Beatrice Harraden has recently completed a new volume of short stories for children, which will be published simultaneously here and in America during the forthcoming autumn season.

We hear that Mr. A. M. M. Stedman (of Messrs. Methuen and Co.), who has been away on a voyage to the Cape, will return to town in the early part of the month.

We hear that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has now definitely decided to open his new house in the Haymarket with "The Seats of the Mighty," and that Mr. Gilbert Parker—who recently returned to this country from America—will shortly be busy attending rehearsals.

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's "Under the Red Robe" continues to draw full houses, both here and in New York. The play is produced in New York at the Empire Theatre, a building which is capable of holding even a larger audience than the Haymarket Theatre here. Indeed, so great is the rush for seats in New York that the management have had to have no less than nine performances each week.

Mr. William Le Queux is, we hear, spending the winter at Nice, where he will have plenty of leisure to complete the various stories which he has agreed to write for Messrs. Tillotson's syndicate, and for publication in other quarters.

An important posthumous work by Sir Richard Burton, entitled "Human Sacrifice among the Sephardim," will be published very soon by Messrs. Hutchinson. It deals with modern Jews, and discusses the sacrifice or murder of Padre Tomaso. Sir Richard Burton was consul at Damascus for some time, and, though everything was ready for going to press, the publication was delayed on account of the book's anti-Semitic tendencies, taken in conjunction with the author's official position. Lady Burton was offered a considerable sum of money for the manuscript of the book by a wealthy member of the Hebrew community who wished to suppress it. But she refused the offer, and at the time of her death was preparing to bring the book out. The volume is annotated by Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who also writes an introductory preface.

As the question of the stamping of review copies of books has been discussed of late, we have asked the leading publishers for their views on the subject. Many of them do not stamp. Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. say: "We think it due to the reviewer that he should have a perfect copy." Messrs. Chatto and Windus say: "We have never so defaced books sent out by us to the press." Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. say they have "no very strong feeling on the question of stamping books sent for review. It was our practice at one time, but as we found that the editors of newspapers preferred them unstamped we abandoned it some time back." Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co. say, "We have considerable sympathy with those publishers who stamp their review copies, although we do not follow this custom ourselves. There have been several cases in the history of this firm in which we have found valuable and costly books, which have been sent out for review figuring in booksellers' catalogues at about one-third of the published price within a few weeks of their publication; and this vexatious practice has been traced back to the fact that reviewers have been selling their copies. This is a distinct disadvantage to any book, and it seems to us only right that publishers should defend themselves by placing an ineffaceable mark upon the volumes which they present to the press." Messrs. A. and C. Black reply: "We think perhaps it may be sufficient to say that the practice is not one adopted by us." Messrs. Isbister and Co. say: "Though our own custom is to insert a loose slip in the copies of books sent for review, it is surely within the right of the publisher in offering free copies of a work for a specific purpose to place a mark, permanent or otherwise, on these copies. We do not see why a reviewer should object to place a properly marked review copy on his shelves; if he sells his review copies we do see an advantage to the publisher in the fact that the stamp depreciates the market value of these copies." Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. say: "It is our habit to consider the reviewer, and send unstamped copies; but the consideration ought to be reciprocal. It appears to us that 'one-sided reciprocity' may compel the body of publishers to change their attitude. The reviewers ought at least to cut their pages, and keep their volumes for a decent length of time when they get them unstamped." Mr. George Allen objects, chiefly on æsthetic grounds, to the practice of "stamping" books for the sake of the advantage gained. At the same time he admits the disability under which publishers labour in the matter, especially as regards expensive limited-edition works supplied to subscribers only; the appearance in the second-hand shops of a few copies of his own "Faerie Queene" (of which only twenty are sent to the Press), supplying him with a case in point. He thinks, further, that editors do not quite fulfil their part of the understanding unless they take reasonable care to assure themselves that works supplied to them for review are either returned or retained; and he trusts that the present discussion will result in fixing some kind of an etiquette for the situation. Mr. John Lane says: "I object to the practice strongly, and to any other wanton defacement of a book."

Messrs. Walter Scott, Limited, say: "We send out for review about 80 to 120 copies of each book that we publish.

We never stamp any of these copies, and, so far as we know, we have never suffered in any way from their presence in the market."

Messrs. George Bell and Sons say: "We think that there are good reasons for the practice of marking books sent to newspapers, but we do not advocate mutilating them or marking them in such a way as to be unsightly." Messrs. Blackwood and Sons say: "We sympathise with the desire of reviewers that press copies should not be defaced. The rubber stamp is especially objectionable to anyone who has the feeling for books, and we have never used it. Our practice has been to send out copies embossed by means of a neat die—'With the Publisher's Compliments'—but we have in contemplation the adoption of another plan, which, we think, will meet with the approval of those who value a book for its own sake."

Mr. Heinemann, in a long and interesting letter, says: "In reply to your request of the 8th inst., I beg to say that I not only consider it a complimentary distinction when I mark the complimentary copy sent to an editor (who is in a way my *confrère*) as a presentation copy—above those copies which the less fortunate public are compelled to buy—but I also look upon it as my bounden duty towards myself and towards the author, whose steward I become in publishing his book. This is proved by the following experience.

"I sent some time ago a number of advance copies of a publication of mine to the press with the notification that it would be issued on a certain date—a week afterwards—together with the request that it be treated confidentially till then. When my traveller, previous to publication, offered this book to the booksellers, he found in one of the shops he visited one of these advance copies already on sale. I might not have taken this very seriously had this offering for sale not destroyed my claim to American copyright, although I had gone to the expense of setting the book separately in America, and had registered it at the Library of Congress. It might possibly have been difficult for an intending pirate on the other side of the water to procure evidence of this breach of the American Copyright Act, yet it decided me not to run the risk in future, and to stamp every review copy (to the uninitiated be it known that the large bulk of review copies go out of the publisher's office before publication), with a notification that it had been given away, not sold. The English Copyright Act requires proof of sale for proof of copyright, so that the presentation mark on a copy unauthoritatively retailed would, I fancy, in case the matter came before an American court, be held to be proof of *bona-fides* on the part of the holder of the English copyright, and would secure his American rights.

"There are other arguments in favour of the review stamp, which it is unnecessary to enumerate, because the question of American copyright really decides the matter. I must mention, however, that the majority of editors whom I have consulted have been in favour of the review stamp, partly because it is said to give the editor a better control over all that comes into his office, and partly, as one courteous editor said, 'because your stamp does not unfit the book for the purpose for which it is sent, viz., for review, and beyond that I cannot think of questioning your courtesy and look the gift-horse in the mouth.'"

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. say: "In reply to your inquiry, we write to say that we stamp the copies of books which we send out for review, because it is the practice of the conductors of some periodicals to sell such volumes almost as soon as they come into their hands. Unless review copies were ear-marked in this fashion, it would be difficult for a bookseller to explain why he asked half a sovereign for one copy of a new book when his neighbour in the back street was offering another copy of the same edition of the same book for half a crown. If a book bears on its title-page evidence that it is a presentation copy, its abnormal cheapness is easily accounted for."

We have received a number of letters on the return of manuscripts, of which we are able to give only an imperfect summary. Some of the letters detail personal grievances which we cannot discuss in these columns. One writer, for example, complains that a new editor repudiated a story which had been accepted by a former editor. But the most instructive letter we have received is from Mr. Bartle Yeeling, of Geneva. He says that he has contributed articles to various high-class magazines. He sent recently an article to one of the more expensive periodicals with his name and address and postage stamps. This is more than three months since, and the information which it contained is now no longer new. He has written three times to the editor, but has received no answer. Mr. Yeeling says, "I have never seen a copy of his magazine, and therefore do not know what are his rules as to unsolicited manuscripts, but I have always considered that the office of a magazine was an open market for literary contributors, and that an author could with as much confidence send his literary goods to the editor as a farmer could send his horse unsolicited to Mr. Tattersall's stables without fear of its being appropriated or destroyed." He complains, further, that the editor has kept the 4½d. in postage stamps, which he sent; and calculates that if he did so with 1,500 articles, this would amount to "the goodly sum of £28 2s. 6d."

Mr. Yeeling has stated the real difficulty that editors have with contributors. In the vast majority of cases intending contributors do not trouble to see a copy of the magazine they honour. It seems obvious that it is the duty of every contributor to examine a magazine before he tries to write for it, and in particular carefully to scrutinize the rules which the editor inserts. If he is not satisfied with these rules he should send his article elsewhere. Examining the magazine will further show him the kind of article that is likely to be accepted. An editor, like other people, has a right to conduct his business in his own way. If he says that he does not return unsolicited manuscripts, what he means is that he does not wish them sent to him, that he is in the habit of supplying his pages by writing to authors and engaging them to contribute. If he makes a general rule, he is bound to keep it. In the *Author* an opinion on the legal liabilities of editors has been published. It is by Mr. A. Montague Chitty, Q.C., and is to the effect that editors, no matter what notices they put in, are bound to return everything unless they can prove that the contributor first read their notices. It is difficult to see how such a proof could by any possibility be had. It would not prove that a man had read the notices if it were shown that he had seen the magazine. In fact, he might very well make

up his mind not to read the notices, and to take his own way. We are glad to see that Sir Walter Besant admits that this opinion would land us in a deadlock. But it is right to say that, though Mr. Chitty's opinion is no doubt entitled to great respect, authorities at least as high have given a diametrically opposite view of the law. It would clear the way if some case were fairly tried. According to Mr. Chitty's view, if an editor announced that he did not wish contributions sent to him, that he would neither examine them nor return them, he would still be bound to return them, no matter what happened. Anyone who edits a periodical of large circulation can tell what an enormous burden is imposed by the safe keeping, and custody, and return of some two or three thousand manuscripts in a year

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A lady writes that the greatest grievance of the struggling outside contributor is hardly the non-return of a manuscript, but the uncertainty as to its acceptance or rejection for an indefinite period. She says that her experience is chiefly with weekly journals. One paper kept an article for two years and then printed it. She says that the outside contributor receives the worst and most discourteous treatment at the hands of women editors. We think that if articles are accepted, notification of that fact should be given, say, within one month after they have been sent. But the remedy is always in the contributor's own hand. Let him or her, after waiting a sufficient time, address a note to the editor saying that unless notice of acceptance is received within a certain number of days, the article will be sent elsewhere. The real grievance seems to be that this involves keeping a copy of the article. In the vast majority of cases, however, contributors would improve their chances by writing out their articles twice.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

January 25 to February 20, 1897.

A fair amount of business has been transacted during the period indicated above, and, always taking the time of the year into consideration, it can be pronounced satisfactory. The usual lull following the completion of school orders has been experienced, though not so marked as is sometimes the case. Has the unfavourable weather, forbidding outdoor exercise, been in any measure the cause of this state of things?

Supplying the wants of the foreign and colonial trade has kept these departments well employed, though the business has been without any special feature.

The demand for Lenten publications does not appear to be so great as in former years. It should be mentioned that this may be owing to a late Easter, and will right itself in a week or two.

The principal books of the month have been Nansen's "Farthest North" and Marie Corelli's "Ziska." The publisher of the latter states that 50,000 copies have been issued With regard to "Nansen" it may be stated that at the time of writing the trade had been unable to obtain sufficient copies for their orders, so great has been the demand for the work.

Books treating on South Africa, especially political South Africa, are much wanted. Noticeable among them are Selous' "Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia" and the Cape "Blue Book" on the Jameson Raid. Olive Schreiner's new book entitled "Peter Halket, Trooper of Mashonaland," appears to have begun a successful career, and the same may be said of "Briton or Boer?" by George Griffiths.

Poetry, especially new poetry, is not as a rule a very marketable article. Owen Seaman's little volume entitled "The Battle of the Bays" has, however, been selling by hundreds. The volumes of the "Library of Useful Stories" are great favourites. They seem exactly to suit the taste of the public in this busy age, that is judging by the sales. Col. Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India" has sold freely. The issue of "Dickens" in 1s. volumes (including some copyright works) has been well received. He still has evidently a considerable public, notwithstanding that he is not now so widely read as formerly.

Translations of foreign novels are still in favour. Works by Jokai and Sienkiewicz may be noted in the list appended.

Among the leading magazines mention must be made of *Woman at Home*, *Chambers's Journal* (now issued with the edges cut), *Quiver*, *Sunday at Home*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Strand Magazine*, and *Pearson's Magazine*. Thesea re followed by a host of others, in numbers surprising to all outside the trade. There are altogether something like 1,000 issued monthly, and how three-fourths of them exist (commercially) is a wonder indeed.

New books and new editions show no falling off in number. About 160 were issued recently in a week. With regard to publication at "net" prices, about one book in seven is brought out in this form.

Below is a list of the best-selling books of the moment. It is simply an index to the literary appetite of the public. It is left to the critics to apologise for it.

Farthest North. By F. Nansen. 42s. net.
Forty-one Years in India. By Col. Roberts. 36s.
Ziska. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By Flora A. Steel. 6s
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
Phroso. By A. Hope. 6s.
A Bit of a Fool. By Sir R. Peel. 6s.
Trooper Peter Halket. By O. Schreiner. 6s.
The Idol-Maker. By A. Sergeant. 6s.
Lying Prophets. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s.
The Babe, B.A. By E. F. Benson. 6s.
The Mistress of Brae Farm. By R. N. Carey. 6s.
The Green Book. By M. Jokai. 6s.
The Quest of the Golden Girl. By R. le Gallienne. 5s. net.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. 5s.
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.
An Anxious Moment. By Mrs. Hungerford. 3s. 6d.
Briton or Boer? By G. Griffiths. 3s. 6d.
Pioneers of Evolution. By E. Clodd. 5s. net.
Dickens' Works. 1s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Library of Useful Stories. 1s. each vol.

Weekly Statement of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
Jan. 30, 1897.—Trade a little easier. School orders falling off, but plenty of work with magazines. Colonial and foreign departments not quite so busy.
Feb. 6, „ —A fair week for the time of the year. Export trade quieter.
„ 13, „ —Business much the same as last week. Colonial and foreign orders somewhat heavier.
„ 20, „ —A busy week at the commencement, owing to the publication of "Ziska" and "Farthest North," but otherwise unchanged. Trade in export departments satisfactory.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE sale of M. Edmond de Goncourt's artistic collections and library is proceeding at the time of writing, and so far has realised much more even than was expected or hoped for by his executors. Doubtless many of the lots fetch fancy prices, from persons who desired to possess a *souvenir* of the master. There is every reason to believe that a sufficient sum will be realised to allow of the carrying out of M. de Goncourt's wishes as expressed in his will, including the foundation and endowment of the Goncourt Academy, if this will be allowed to stand. This is doubtful. At any rate, no effort will be spared by the late gentleman's relations to have it set aside, and as French judges act rather by equity than by strict law, they may succeed. One of the claimants, by the way, is an Arab, who lives at Bizot, a small village near Constantine, and who hardly knows a word of French.

Madame Adam is hard at work on her "Memoirs," which should be very interesting. Very interesting also should be the "Memoirs of a Parisian," which are being prepared by Monsieur Bocher, who has lived over fifty years in Paris, and enjoys the distinction of being the *doyen* of the season-ticket holders at the opera. He has seen everything and heard everything that has been said and done in Paris during the past half century, and his "Memoirs" should be as interesting as the late Baron de Boigne's "Petits Memoires.'

Alphonse Daudet's new novel, "Soutien de Famille," at which he is now working, will contain some chapters about the life of an outcast in London, which will embody his observations of the metropolis, made during his visit in the spring of 1895. One of the Rosny brothers, who is a constant visitor at the rue de Bellechasse, has given Daudet much information about the arcana of London and its submerged tenth, drawn from personal experience. Rosny lived for some time in great misery in London, as described in one of his novels.

The following is the epitaph, in Provençal, composed by himself, which has been carved on the tombstone of poor Paul Arène:

"M'en vau l'amo ravido
D'avè pantc'a ma vido,"

which means in English:

"I depart delighted
At having dreamt away my life."

No truer epitaph has ever been written. Paul Arène's end was worthy of a poet. One morning he sent his sister to Nice to buy flowers for him, violets and mimosa. She returned laden with blossoms, to find her brother dead. She covered the bed with the flowers, which had been his last desire on earth.

Several new magazines have recently been started in Paris. There seems to be a growing demand for periodical literature, whilst the demand for the three-francs-fifty volume as steadily diminishes. Of the new magazines, *La Revue de France* seems the most promising. *L'Ermitage*, one of the reviews founded by *les jeunes*, and now in its eighth year, has been transformed into an illustrated periodical. I have just been looking at a list of future contributors, and am ashamed of my ignorance of many of the names of contemporary *jeunes* which figure in it. A new generation of writers seems to have sprung up and come to the front, whilst we have been reading our Balzac, our Musset, our Zola, Daudet and Hugo, and the only excuse for one's ignorance must be that it is impossible to read everything. Out of the fifty-six writers whose names figure as collaborateurs, I do not know, even by hearsay, of more than twelve. I note Maurice Maeterlinck's name amongst these, by the way.

The Radical or Red writer is always certain of one customer in Paris, and that a very good one, no other indeed than the Paris Municipal Council. The gentlemen who compose this assembly are all of more or less advanced principles, and are always ready to encourage literature of that order. Having all the municipal or free libraries under their control, they have an excuse for ordering large quantities of any book which seems likely to spread their principles. At a recent sitting they voted the money for the purchase of 250 copies of Gustave Geoffroy's book on Blanqui, "L'Enfermé," described as a "rehabilitation of Blanqui, who was so misunderstood, so calumniated." It is fair to add, that Gustave Geoffroy is an admirable writer. One of his novels aroused even the enthusiasm of a *Saturday Reviewer* in the old days of the *Saturday Review*.

You will have read in the papers of an amusing lawsuit, in which an injunction and £20 damages were obtained by a gentleman named Louis Martin, against an author named Aubry, who, under the pseudonym of Louis Martin, had published several works attacking the Freemasons. The contention of the real Louis Martin was that M. Aubry had no right to use his name, or rather the same name as his, and the Tribunal Civil upheld him. As there are thousands of Louis Martins in France, and as it is open to every one of them to "go for" M. Aubry, this author is in a difficult position. The French law gives strong protection to a man's rights in his name. It does more than this. It is illegal to publish a man or woman's photograph, even where the original's name is suppressed. An injunction was obtained a few days ago against the great publishing firm of Hachette, for printing in their famous Almanach Hachette, in illustration of an article on "Styles of Hairdressing during 1896," the portrait of a private lady. A franc damages was claimed and was awarded, and the defendants were further obliged to publish the judgment at their own expense in five newspapers.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. BASIL THOMSON.

MR. BASIL THOMSON, the writer of the most entertaining narrative within the realm of fact, "The Diversions of a Prime Minister," of recent years, has already crammed an unusual amount of experience into his not very long life. He is acknowledged to be one of the first authorities on matters relating to the

South Seas, and he has the good fortune to be able to give his knowledge to the world in an excellent and charming style. The third son of the late Archbishop of York, he was born in 1861, educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, and called to the Bar (Inner Temple). He is a member of the Athenæum Club.

After leaving Oxford he travelled for a year in the Western States of America. In 1884 he was appointed by Lord Derby a Stipendiary Magistrate in Fiji. He spent seven years in the islands, living much among the natives, and studying their customs and history. Among the mountains of the interior sometimes several months would pass without his seeing an European face. He speaks several native languages of the Western Pacific.

In 1887 he went to British New Guinea on the staff of the Administrator when the British flag was hoisted there, but after some exploration, was invalided home. While in New Guinea he was awarded the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving life at sea.

In 1890, the exploits of the notorious ex-missionary, Shirley Baker, in Tonga having resulted in civil disturbances, Mr. Thomson was sent by the British Government as political adviser to the King of Tonga. Here he made the acquaintance of R. L. Stevenson, whom he tried to persuade to stay in Tonga, where the extraordinary experiment of grafting Western political institutions and representative government on a native civilisation would have afforded him better material than he could hope to find in Samoa. He was able to clear the country of debt, to draft and pass the Penal Code now in force, and to earn the sincere gratitude of the king and people. It is his own adventures in Tonga, of course, which are described in "The Diversions of a Prime Minister."

Opportunities for further colonial experience presented themselves when Lord Ripon appointed him Auditor-General of Barbados; but just then, owing to the state of his wife's health, he was obliged to return home.

On his arrival in England Mr. Thomson was appointed Governor to the Crown Prince of Siam during his Highness' stay in this country. At present he holds an appointment in the Prisons Department of the Home Office.

In spite of all his active administrative efforts he has had time to make his mark in literature, both as a serious authority on Primitive Institutions, on the Pacific Islands, and also in the lighter field of fiction. Up to the present he has published, "South Sea Yarns" (Blackwood, 1894); "The Diversions of a Prime Minister" (Blackwood, 1895); "A Court Intrigue" (Heinemann, 1896); "A Handbook to Fiji," 1896, besides papers in the *New Review* and other magazines, and some anthropological papers in journals of scientific societies.

Photographed by] MR. BASIL THOMSON. [*H. H. Hay Cameron.*

Another book on the South Seas is nearly ready. The design of his South Sea books has been to show the natives as they really think, speak, and act, and to avoid presenting them, as so many travellers have done, in the guise of fantastic Europeans dressed in brown skins; to show how the result of introducing European civilisation and Christianity has been to break down their own often admirable polity without putting any useful system of morality in its place (for the native, who used to dread the immediate punishment for the broken *tabu* in his own body, has no fear of eternal punishment for his soul in a remote future); further to show that the South Sea Islander is, in fact, progressing painfully on the stumps of his old customs with the help of the crutches of civilisation imperfectly acquired. The Lady Asenath and the Bishop (of the *New Review* series), are all real characters, and their speeches were all written first in Fijian and translated into English. His books are meant as a mild protest against the representation of society in the South Seas as being composed only of white traders and their native mistresses. Luckily, and thanks to his humour, his endeavours after a more truthful picture have never resulted in dulness.

Mr. Thomson hopes before long to bring out a serious study of the ancient laws and customs of the Fijians, and of the disastrous effect which civilisation and Christianity has had upon them.

THE READER.

LIVING POETS.

I.—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

IF you will not give Francis Thompson your most lucid and mobile mood and the nimble intelligence of your attention, you were better not attempt him at all. You shall miss the clues of this Dædalian verse. But to have once entered completely into "Poems" and "Sister Songs" is to return to them many times, and each time with some new, incredulous delight. There is still some falling away of more delicate, unsuspected veils, still some more immediate disclosure of the beauty and significance of these philosophic numbers, until you are compelled by the strict imperative of all your instincts for high poetry to make exorbitant claims for Mr. Francis Thompson.

He is rare in literature for the immediate certainty with which he conquered a high measure of recognition, but he was not exempt from the human tendency rather to diminish by deriving him, than to confess the prodigy. The first inevitable impulse was to explain him as a reversion to the Stuart poets. Mr. Thompson's first memorable pages seemed to derive from the Cavalier lyrists in style from the "metaphysical poets" in thought. The high and exquisite writing of the poems called "Love in Dian's Lap" made the illusion of a modern Stuart very persuasive. Dryden would be damaging when he called Donne, Cowley, Crashaw, and the rest "the metaphysical poets." From them, too, Mr. Thompson had caught somewhat. "Love in Dian's Lap" had the mystical themes and the verbal ingenuities, the moralities, and the conceits; but vitalised by a wit how much more quick, radiant, and subtle. He has actually accomplished the high things in metaphysical poetry that Donne and Crashaw only dreamed of. His mysticism is infinitely more profound and significant than theirs, as his imagination is more impulsive, ardent, and beautiful. He is the great Platonist of English poetry. If Mr. Thompson had never written anything after his first volume "Poems," there would be but one Stuart poet with whom the author of "Her Portrait" could be compared for orchestral majesties of song, and that one Milton:—

> "At the rich odours from her heart that rise
> My soul remembers its lost Paradise,
> And antenatal gales blow from Heaven's shores of spice;
> I grow essential all, uncloaking me
> From this encumbering virility,
> And feel the primal sex of heaven and poetry:
> And parting from her, in me linger on
> Vague snatches of Uranian antiphon."

It is the divinity of "philosophic numbers smooth." There never was a more heavenly-minded poet than Mr. Thompson, or a more directly endowed with the Pentecostal utterance. In all sobriety do we believe him of all poets to be the most celestial in vision, the most august in faculty.

But if we are to speak of the range of Mr. Francis Thompson we shall have to come down much later than the Stuarts, and we shall have to go much further back. He is an argonaut of literature, far travelled in the realms of gold, and he has in a strange degree the assimilative mind that takes suggestion as a cat laps milk. "To Monica thought dying" had something of Mr. Coventry Patmore's piercing pathos and faculty of uttering the terrible trivialities of tragedy. "The Daisy" was strangely Wordsworthian. But "Dream Tryst" was like Shelley, and had that strange ethereal poignancy. There was the "Dead Cardinal of Westminster" with its stanzas of shuddering beauty upon the prescience of death. A "Fallen Yew" knelled tremendously the inexorable isolation of every human soul from every other even the dearest. There was the resplendent "Judgment in Heaven" with the trenchant Elizabethan apophthegm of its epilogue. The "Corymbus for Autumn" was an overwhelming improvisation of wild and exorbitant fantasy. To be familiar with it is to repent of having ever reproached it for a splendid pedantry and a monstrous ambition, nor can we ever forget its great images:—

> "The solemn thurifer
> The mighty spirit unknown,
> That swingeth the slow earth before the embannered throne."

But at the other extreme we have Mr. Thompson in his most delicate and unrelated mood, as in the bewitching "Carrier Song," with its unearthly audacity of simpleness and its nimble and suave numbers, meet for the gaiety of angelic feet.

On the whole, if Mr. Thompson had stopped at his first volume we should have judged him more akin in stature and temperament to Marlowe than to any other great figure in English poetry. It seemed to reveal the same "high astounding terms," the same vast imagery; the same *amour de l'impossible*; the soul striking the sublime stars, the intolerable passion for beauty.

But Mr. Thompson did not stop there. After the publication of his second volume, when it became clear that the "Hound of Heaven" and "Sister Songs" should be read together as a strict lyrical sequence, there was no longer any comparison possible except the highest, the inevitable comparison with even Shakespeare's Sonnets. The Sonnets are the greatest soliloquy in literature. The "Hound of Heaven" and "Sister Songs" together are the second greatest; and there is no third. In each case it is rather consciousness imaged in the magic mirror of poetry than explicit autobiography. As to Mr. Francis Thompson, what strange indentures bound him to the Muse we cannot tell. We are permitted to guess some strict and sad apprenticeship paid with bitter bread and unimaginable dreams; some ultimate deliverance of song. It is only possible to realise all the beauty of Mr. Thompson's work when it is read as a lyrical sequence related to Shakespeare's Sonnets on the side of poetry and to De Quincey's "Opium Eater" on the side of prose.

Even with the greatest pages of "Sister Songs" sounding in one's ears, one is sometimes tempted to think the "Hound of Heaven" Mr. Thompson's high-water mark for unimaginable beauty and tremendous import—if we do damnably iterate Mr. Thompson's tremendousness we cannot help it, he thrusts the word upon us. We do not think we forget any of the splendid things of an English anthology when we say that the "Hound of Heaven" seems to us, on the whole, the most wonderful lyric (if we consider "Sister Songs" as a sequence of lyrics) in the language. It fingers all the stops of the spirit, and we hear now a thrilling and dolorous note of doom and now the quiring of the spheres and now the very pipes of Pan, but under all the still sad music of humanity:—

> "I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
> By many a hearted casement, curtained red,

Trellised with intertwining charities;
. . . . . .
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their changèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn: Be sudden—to eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
. . . . . .
Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?"

It is the return of the nineteenth century to Thomas à Kempis.

In "Sister Songs" Mr. Thompson has passed from agonies to exultations. Of pure power he had no more to reveal. But "Sister Songs" has the very sense of Spring: there is some lovely renaissance of spirit in the book, a melting of snows and all dewy germinations of delight. What rhythms are so lissome and persuasive as those of the first part? In dainty and debonair invention it is altogether incomparable. "Sister Songs" opens with all the lyrical *élan* of Shelley perfectly married with the full and definite vision, the pure and vivid phrase of Keats.

Thus in two of Mr. Thompson's many passages on childhood:—

"Or if white-handed light
Draw thee yet dripping from the quiet pools,
Still lucencies and cools,
Of sleep, which all night mirror constellate dreams;"

and again:—

". . . bubbles from the calyces
Of the lovely thoughts that breathe,
Paving like water-flowers thy spirit's floor beneath."

The second part of "Sister Songs" is in a greater mood. It is the high ritual of beauty, a very apocalypse of poetry, and one should only labour the futility of terms in attempting to praise it. The primary things of poetry are newly and immortally said. But Mr. Thompson's receptive mind is saturated with modern thought, and he uses it in a singular way to deepen the ancient interpretations. He touches Darwinism, and it becomes transmutable in a lovely and poignant lyric:—

"In pairing-time, we know, the bird
Kindles to its deepmost splendour,
And the tender
Voice is tenderest in its throat."

This is immediately followed by the passage in which the poet affirms himself the priest of an unseen beauty.

"Ever I knew me beauty's Eremite
In antre of this lowly body set."

Never, indeed, has the nature and process of poetic inspiration been so greatly and subtly declared—not even in the obvious passage in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—as it is in these pages.

But the poet is many times overheard in a mood of more intimate soliloquy. The lines are unforgettable in which a tender hand is laid upon the saddest thing on earth:—

"A springflower but a flower
Fallen from the budded coronal of spring
And through the city-streets blown withering."

And here the thought moves on to a close that no epithet of ours shall mar:—

"And I remembered not
The subtle sanctities which dart
From childish lips' unvalued precious brush,
Nor how it makes the sudden lilies push
Between the loosening fibres of the heart."

One of the most memorable of these many intimate passages in "Sister Songs," which will some day need a note, is that which ends upon the royal lines:—

"Memnonian lips!
Smitten with singing from thy mother's east,
And murmurous with music not their own."

The little interluded "tangles of sweet rhyme" show Mr. Thompson at his daintiest. He is shown nearly at his greatest in those Shakespearian lines in which large things are said:—

"As the innocent moon that nothing does but shine—
Moves all the labouring surges of the world."

Or:—

"The trumpet of the March and the pennon of the May."

Or finally:—

"Now ere Saturnian earth her child consumes,
And I lie down with outworn ossuaries."

But all Mr. Thompson's poetry culminates with magic and majesty and beauty ineffable in the passage that might be called "Sex Dormant."

"Wild Dryad! all unconscious of thy tree,
With which indissolubly
The tyrannous time shall one day make thee whole.
. . . . . .
Thou whose young sex is yet but in thy soul;—
As hoarded in the vine
Hang the gold skins of undelirious wine,
As air sleeps, till it toss its limbs in breeze:—
In whom the mystery which lures and sunders,
Grapples and thrusts apart; endears, estranges;
—The dragon to its own Hesperides—
Is gated under slow-revolving changes,
Manifold doors of heavy-hinged years.
So once, ere Heaven's eyes were filled with wonders
To see laughter rise from tears,
Lay in beauty not yet mighty,
Conchèd in translucencies,
The antenatal Aphrodite,
Caved magically under magic seas;
Caved dreamlessly beneath the dreamful seas."

May we not dare to say of this passage that it almost arrives at that ultimate thing, that "one thought, one grace, one wonder at the least," which for Marlowe was beyond the furthest reach of words, and which poets have been seeking to declare from the beginning of song? Mr. Thompson's poetry scarcely comes by way of the outward eye at all. He scarcely depends upon occasions. In a dungeon one imagines that he would be no less a poet. The regal air, the prophetic ardours, the apocalyptic vision, the supreme utterance—he has them all. A rarer, more intense, more strictly predestinate genius has never been known to poetry. To many this may well appear the simple delirium of over-emphasis. The writer signs for those others, nowise ashamed, who range after Shakespeare's very Sonnets the poetry of a living poet, Francis Thompson.

LOUIS GARVIN.

PORTRAITS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

FROM the most interesting catalogue of the Johnsonian collection in the possession of Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, N.Y., the finest Johnsonian collection in the world, we reproduce a series of portraits of Dr. Johnson.

1. Dr. Johnson, by Miss Reynolds, 1783. The original

Oil Painting painted from life by Miss Frances Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua.

2. Samuel Johnson. Sir Joshua Reynolds pinxt. 1756. J. Heath sculpt. From the original picture in the possession of James Boswell, Esq.

[The reproduction is from the first impression of the plate, with note in Boswell's handwriting.]

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

Painted from life by Miss Frances Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua Reynolds. 1783.

3. Samuel Johnson. Sir Joshua Reynolds pinxt. James Watson fecit. R. Sayer excudit. London, Printed for Robt. Sayer, Map and Printseller, No. 53, Fleet St. Published as the Act directs, 10 July, 1770.

4. Samuel Johnson. Painted by Opie. Engraved by C. Townley, Engraver to his Majesty the King of Prussia and Member of the Royal Academys of Berlin and Florence. This Portrait of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., is with the greatest Respect dedicated to James Boswell, Esq., by his most obedient humble Servant, Charles Townley. Published as the Act directs, 20th Feby., 1792, and sold by C. Townley, No. 38, Greek Street, Soho.

5. Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved by Willm. Doughty. London: Publish'd as the Act directs, June 24th, 1793 by John Jones, Engraver, Great Portland Street, Marlyebone.

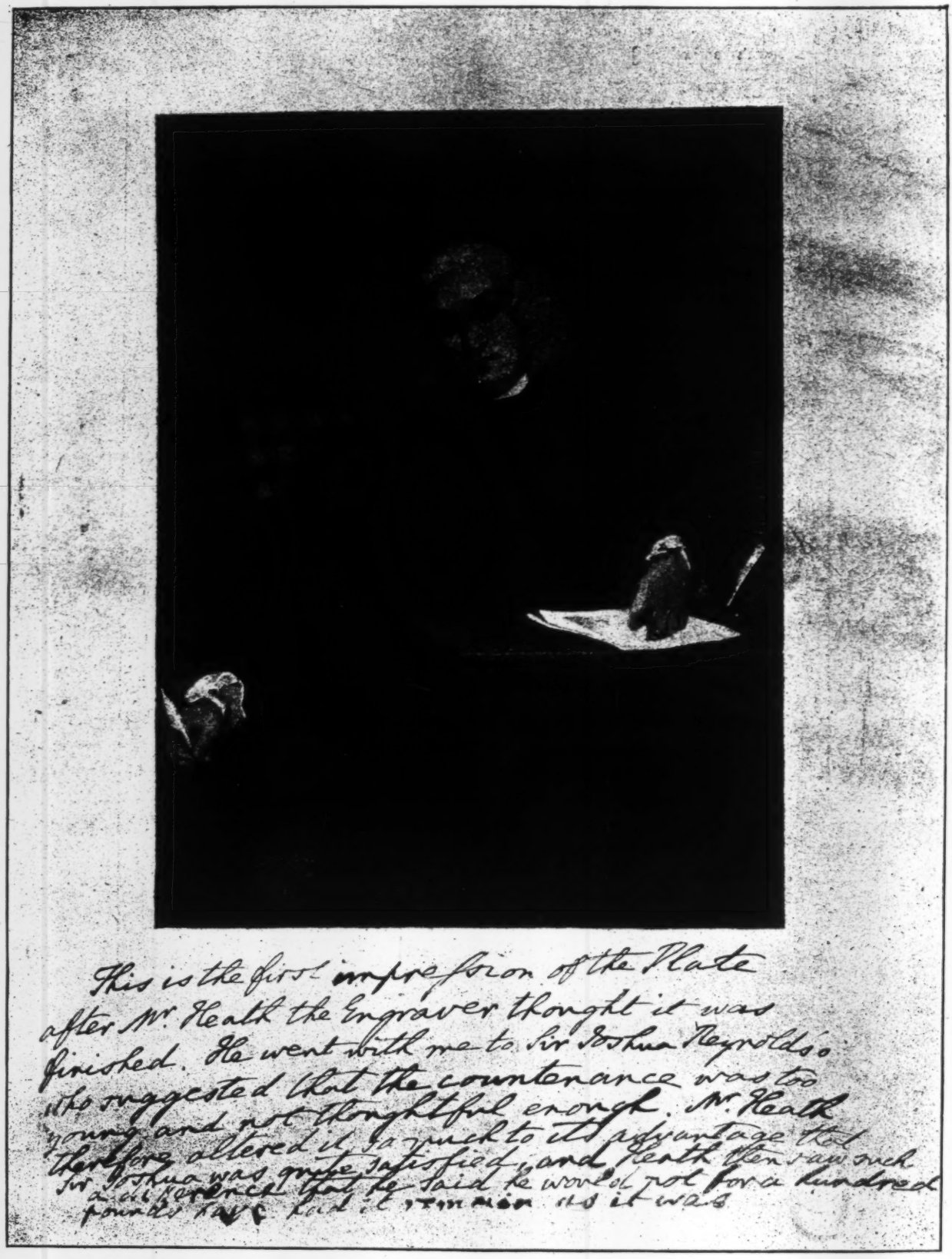
A PIONEER IN CHEAP LITERATURE.

WILLIAM MILNER, OF HALIFAX.

MILNER, of Halifax, although not himself an author, was among the first of Englishmen to promote that wide dissemination of cheap editions of our national classics which has been the most marked and most potent literary influence of the Victorian era. In thousands of homes in England, Scotland, and the colonies, Milner's "Cottage Library" was the chief means to the comforts and sweetnesses of reading, and more than one man of literary eminence acknowledges with gratitude to-day the pleasure and

the improvement he received from these little books in his early years.

William Milner was born in the year 1803. A family of the same name occupied considerable eminence in Halifax

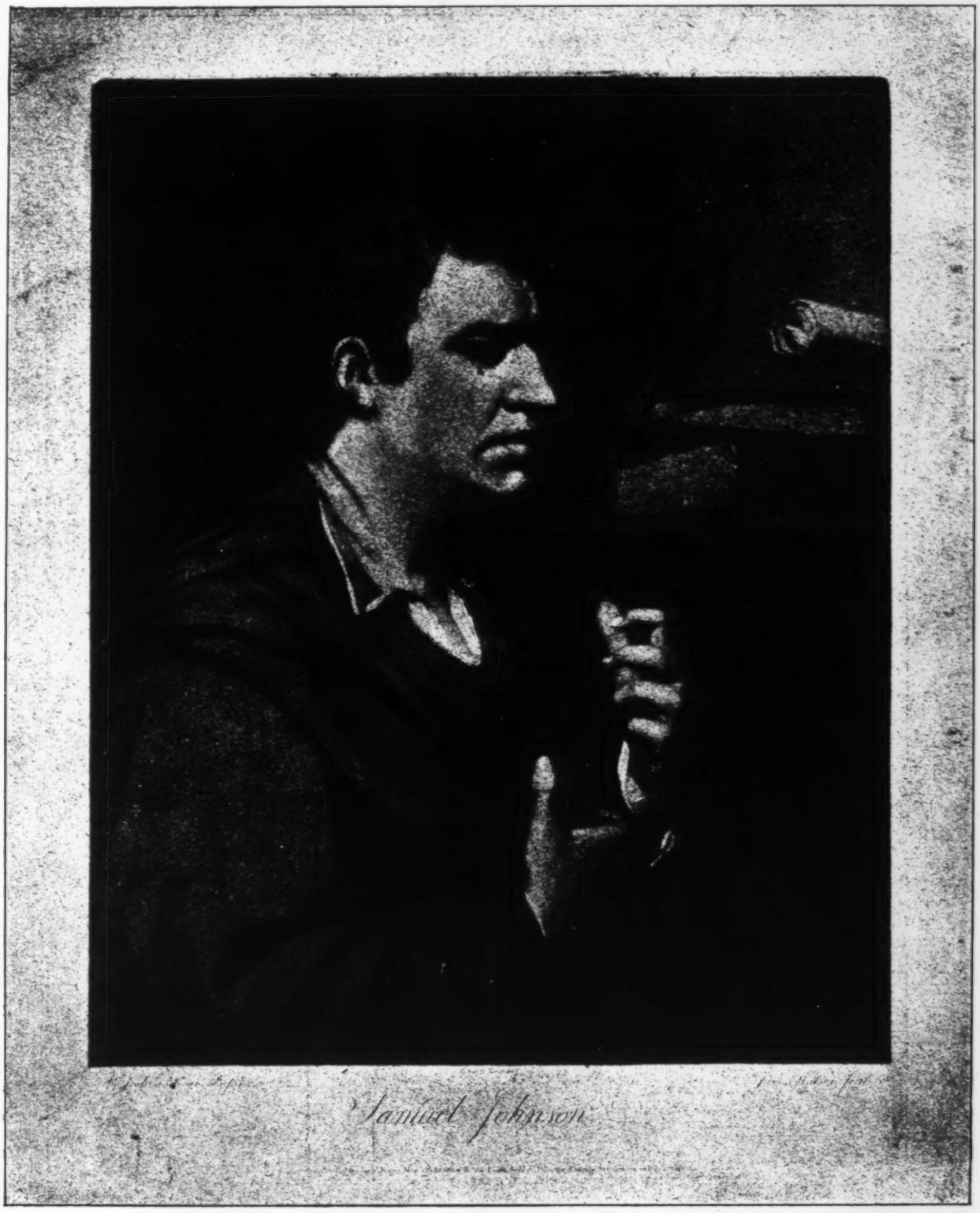

This is the first impression of the Plate
after Mr. Heath the Engraver thought it was
finished. He went with me to Sir Joshua Reynolds's
who suggested that the countenance was too
young and not thoughtful enough. Mr. Heath
therfore altered it to suit to its advantage that
Sir Joshua was quite satisfied, and Heath often saw such
a difference that he said he would not for a hundred
pounds have had it remain as it was

man. Almost before he was out of his teens he was in business for himself as a sort of general dealer. Then he added groceries to his commodities, and seems, despite the oppressive economic surroundings which made food dear

in the last century, and produced at least one brilliant scholar, but William Milner was a child of the people, and little schooling fell to the lot of the people's children in his days. But he had what was better than mere book learning —the wit and native shrewdness of the proverbial Yorkshire-

and labour cheap, to have been fairly successful. It was, one remembers as a coincidence, in connection with teas and coffees, that the name of John Cassell, another famous figure in the history of cheap literature, first attracted attention, and it is interesting to note further that it was in 1836, the

year when Cassell first reached London, that William Milner bought himself a Britannia hand-press in Leeds and set up business as a general printer in Halifax. The speculation was not one of the most promising, for Halifax, although quite a small town, was already possessed of two or three old-established printers. A generation before Milner's time, a



considerable trade was done there by one or two firms in the publication of books in parts. The rambler over the moors and in the dales of the north may still find the devotions of remote farmhouses guided by heavy folio Prayer-books and family Bibles, and physical comfort administered to man and beast by bulky quarto volumes on domestic and veterinary medicine worked from the Halifax press. These were, however, in no sense cheap literature. They owed their popularity to the fact that they could be acquired piece-meal and paid for with spare sixpences.

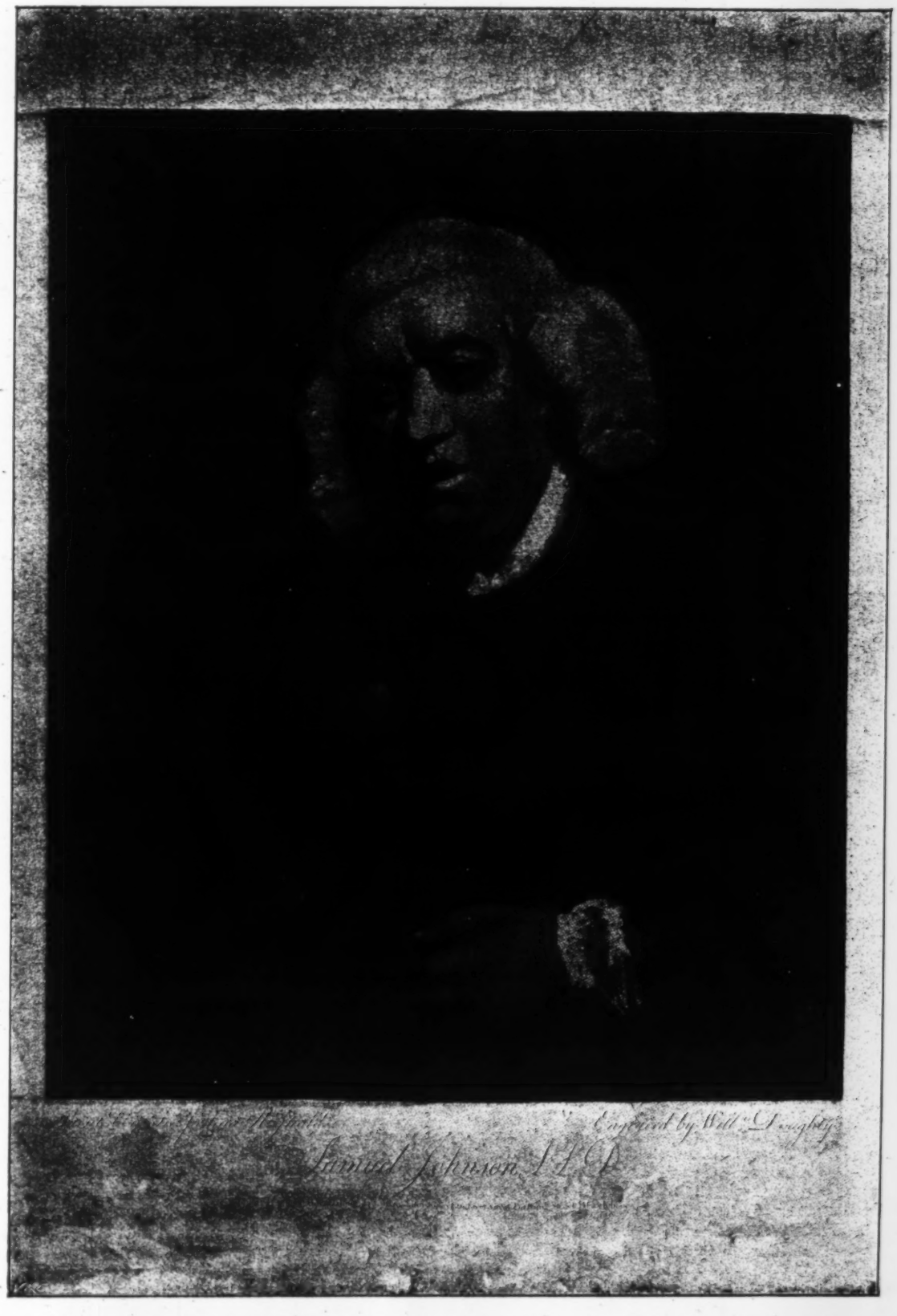
For a time Milner carried on without any extraordinary encouragement the business of a job printer. His first venture in book production was that once famous little book, "The Curse of the Factory System," by John Fielden, M.P. for Oldham—"Honest John" his contemporaries on both sides of the House called him, anticipating some modern Parliamentary nick-names. This pamphlet had a great influence in the cause of factory legislation, but ten years of weary work lay before the kind-hearted Quaker manufacturer before he had the joy of leading to success in the

Lobby the supporters of the Ten Hours' Bill—Richard Oastler, Lord Ashley, and Mr. Gladstone amongst them, in face of all the opposition of John Bright and the factory owners generally. When Mr. Fielden wrote his pamphlet, Halifax was the stronghold of the opponents to factory legislation, but outside the franchise there had long existed in the town a great body of advanced and active political

thinkers, who were, as their Puritan ancestors had been in their time, and their descendants have continued to be to the present day, foremost in the vigorous propaganda of political, social and religious reform. To this section of the people William Milner belonged. He was a Socialist of the Owenite type, and in many ways might well have been the model of "Alton Locke." In later years he threw off the ntolerance of religion which Socialist Atheists of that day

cultivated, but he never lost his interest in advanced politics. The publication of political tracts and handbills soon proved an inadequate means of livelihood, and stories are remembered which show how severe were his financial struggles during the first year or two of his life as a printer. In the year of the Queen's accession he started the "Cottage Library"—the enterprise which established the prosperity of his business, and which, with its several companion series, gives the firm all its modern interest. Milner's idea was to bring the best and most attractive of English literature within the reach of the poorest. In days when books were bought with gold, he set himself to produce books of standard literature at such a cost as would enable him to sell them at a shilling, or even at sixpence. Such a price did not leave a margin for authors' remuneration, and most

if not all the literature included in the "Cottage Library" was free from copyright restrictions. The printing and paper were not, of course, of such excellence as would make the volumes interesting to the collector, but they served



their purpose of introducing to fresh circles of readers the English classics and other works which may perhaps be best ranked as pseudo-classics. The enterprise succeeded, and Milner's business gradually extended. He had commenced with a single press in a small workshop in a street called Swine Market—an old-world name which a change-loving Corporation has altered to New Crown Street. From the Swine Market, Milner removed about 1844 to Upper George Yard, and here as many as sixteen hand-presses were at one time at work. He continued here until his death on November 29th, 1850. Mr. Milner at his death left his business to his relatives, the late Mr. Francis Robert Sowerby and Mr. John Edwin Sowerby, and it was continued under the title of Milner and Sowerby. In 1864 fresh premises on an extensive scale were built, and in 1883 the business was made into a limited liability company, some

of the oldest workmen being admitted as shareholders and directors, but the bulk of the shares still remaining with members of the Sowerby family.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of Mr. Milner's business was the system he devised for the distribution of his books. He relied but little on the ordinary courses of retail trade, and combining the offices of producer, wholesale merchant, and retailer, he carried his books with a van like that of a gipsy into the most remote villages, and set up his stall in any country fair or market that might be convenient. In larger towns, like Bristol, or Glasgow, or Norwich, he would take a small shop for a week or two, and make things lively for the neighbourhood in a way more after the manner of a cheap salesman of the present day than of fifty or sixty years ago. He held an auctioneer's licence, and possessed a ready tongue, so that he generally contrived not to bring back to Halifax any of the stock with which he set out. One of his earliest travellers, "Tommy Ramsden"—afterwards a bookseller in Bradford—is remembered throughout the north of England as one of the quaintest of "characters," and as one of the most successful of book "cheap-jacks." When Feargus O'Connor's paper, the *Northern Star*, was proscribed by Government for its chartism, and was confiscated wherever found, copies were still smuggled weekly to the Halifax centre of the movement enclosed in a coffin for protection against the Government officers, and coffin and hearse used, it is said, regularly to return to London filled to the utmost with Milner's books. From the first a considerable colonial trade was done, and this now remains the backbone of the business. The London and Edinburgh trade was done largely through the ordinary booksellers, until the firm ultimately established a branch in Paternoster Row. "Small profits and quick returns" was Milner's business principle in days when the idea was novel. Even when he traded as a grocer he had gained a reputation by giving his customers a bonus periodically on their purchases, and some old Yorkshire wives to whom the annual "divy" is the great feature of co-operative trade, reverence Milner still—though wrongfully—as the father of local co-operation.

By the courtesy of the manager of Messrs. Milner and Co., Limited, I have been permitted to go through the stock book of the firm, and a careful analysis of the number of copies of the works published would be, if space permitted, an interesting reply to the question, "What do the people read?" The following list of poets, with the number of copies printed by the firm down to 1895, will doubtless prove interesting:—

Burns	183,333	Dryden	17,926
Byron	126,514	Scott	17,050
Milton	85,296	Hemans	13,100
Pope	69,296	Thomson	12,100
Bloomfield ...	65,550	Kirke White ...	10,450
Longfellow ...	63,092	Coleridge	8,150
Moore	58,322	Butler	4,250
Cowper	51,926	Heber	3,550
Wordsworth ...	25,811	Keats	3,500
Shelley	22,022		

Burns' poems were amongst the earliest works published, and it is no matter for surprise that they head the list. The editions during the earlier years, before competitive editions had been multiplied, were for that time enormous; thus the first edition in 1837 consisted of 10,000 copies, and in the years 1838 and 1839 no less than 30,000 copies were sold; 7,000 were sold in 1840, and thenceforward editions of several thousands a year were struck off till the hundred thousand was completed in 1869. Byron's poems were also first printed by Milner in 1837, while Milton's poems did not find a place in the library till 1850, so that the average annual issue of the two are not very dissimilar. Pope's position in the third place is due rather to Homer than himself. The miscellaneous poems which were issued in a separate volume found comparatively few purchasers, but 40,000 copies of his translation of the "Iliad" (first added to the library in 1854) have been sold. Strangely, of the "Odyssey," which one would have expected to be the more popular, only 14,000 copies have been required. The position of Robert Bloomfield, the author of "The Farmer's Boy," is striking. The present generation has come round to Charles Lamb's opinion that the poetic shoemaker had a "poor mind," and Bloomfield's poems are now commercially dead, as is shown by the fact that whereas the sale down to 1866 was 60,050, in the next twenty years only 5,500 more copies were disposed of. Mrs. Hemans' poems are also dead, only 1,350 having been sold since 1864, an insignificant quantity, compared with the 12,000 which were sold in the previous fifteen years. The alteration in modern taste could scarcely be more strikingly exhibited. The low position of Sir Walter Scott is surprising, but it is doubtless accounted for by the excellence and cheapness of the Edinburgh editions, considerations which also no doubt account for the fact that an edition of "Waverley" printed in 1859 proved a comparative failure. Of that medley of sentimentality, "The Language and Poetry of Flowers" (first printed by Milner in 1849), 49,000 of one edition and 23,000 of another were sold by 1868, and the demand still continues.

Among the fiction, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the most striking success, and the figures in the stock book of Messrs. Milner and Company reflect the excitement which at its appearance the book produced. The story, it will be remembered, first appeared in instalments in a newspaper in America, in the latter part of 1850, and in 1852 Messrs. Milner and Sowerby brought out an edition in England at one shilling. The presses, I am told, ran day and night for six months to keep pace with the demand. In September, 1852, 7,000 copies were struck off of the ordinary duodecimo style, and 2,000 in octavo size; in October 11,000 copies were printed, and before fifteen months had passed no less than 25,000 copies had been got rid of by Messrs. Milner and Sowerby, whilst it must be remembered eight or ten other publishers in England were supplying editions at from 1s. 6d. to 12s. per copy. The demand still keeps up to a respectable figure, the total sales up to the end of 1895 being over 133,000 copies. Of "Æsop's Fables" 128,000 copies were sold between 1837 and 1869; and of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" 86,000 copies between 1839 and 1869; of "Robinson Crusoe" 68,000 copies were printed before 1869, and the total now is over 116,000; and of "Don Quixote" (added to the library in 1860) the total sale has been nearly 30,000. In making these extracts from the stock book it has been considered sufficient for the most part to give totals of sales down to a generation ago. During later years the number of publishers who have brought out similar series has been so largely increased that the publication of figures of the issues of a single office nowadays would have comparatively little value. A vast trade has been done by Messrs. Milner and Co. in fiction of a class which modern taste might vote namby-pamby, but which are still remembered with affection by many to whom such works constituted in their early days almost the whole range of imaginative prose literature. These books still find delighted readers in circles not to be accounted critical. The well-read man may find difficulty in saying in what works occur the characters of Farmer Godwin, Amanda Fitzalan, Mrs. Crayon, and Hugh Wyncote, and he may even perhaps trip at Nancy Scovandyke, Belle Clinton, and Trueman Flint, but the chances are that his housemaid would be able to give references to every one of these characters. Miss Cummin's "Lamplighter" has been amongst the most popular of such works, 119,700 copies having been sold during forty years. Of "Paul and Virginia" 64,750 copies were sold up to 1869, and the book still sells, despite the ridicule which has been repeatedly showered upon it. Of Mrs. Roche's "Children of the Abbey"—which is characteristic of its class in that half the characters belong to the titled aristocracy—over 75,000 copies have been sold—more than 30,000 since 1869. Miss Helmé's "Farmer of Inglewood Forest" has been even more popular, and the "Old Helmet" of Miss Wetherell more popular still. Among devotional books the "Pilgrim's Progress," with 104,200 copies sold to 1869, Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs," with 62,500 sold to the same date, Watts' "Scripture History," with 63,000 sold to 1869, and Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" and "Come and Welcome," have been amongst the most read. One cannot but feel, as one contemplates the influence which these vast numbers of good and useful books must have exercised in homes all over the world, that the firm founded by William Milner is entitled to a place

in literary history. Yet Milner's name is not mentioned in the "Dictionary of National Biography," and I am not aware that a word of biography or appreciation has ever previously been published. A portrait of him painted in oils, and a bust in marble, are in the counting house of the present works of the firm in Raglan Street, Halifax.

HERBERT E. WROOT.

NEW LIGHT ON THE BRONTËS IN IRELAND.

BY DR. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

(*Concluded.*)

Although the Brontës of the present day have very vague ideas regarding the history of their ancestors, and in this do not differ from their neighbours, they have great stores of traditions with reference to their sayings and doings. For the following two anecdotes, among many others, I am indebted to Miss Maggie Shannon, granddaughter of Welsh Brontë:

"You mentioned, I think, in one of your letters, that strange scenes were enacted up Caldwell's fields; perhaps you referred to the story of how, on many a dark night, the furze, or whin hedges as they are called, were to be seen ablaze from top to bottom of the field, and how next morning, when the neighbours went to examine them, not a single bush was burnt.

"The mischief-loving Brontës were in their glory, as they listened with sober faces to the exaggerated story they were the means of raising. With flint and steel, and a bit of tinder, they went from field to field, while another stood with a neighbour or two, and watched the blaze, and went the rounds next morning, and listened with delight to their comments.

"These, and many another trick, it was their delight to play on their unsuspecting neighbours; and when old, they lived their youth over again, as they recounted them to their nephews.

"There was one freak of his brother James that I omitted giving, his going out one night as a fortune-teller dressed without shoes, stockings reaching only to the ankles, skirts borrowed from his sister, a large blue apron, and long red cloak, a full-bordered white cap, a large straw bonnet over which was tied a red handkerchief, a large-sized pocket at the side.

"In this garb he went out amongst his neighbours unrecognised, telling them all he knew about them, what friends they had in America, when they had got a letter, and what was written in it, of their hopes and fears, their loves and jealousies, and for his true account, thinking he was a real gipsy, they paid him well with flax, honey, meal, money, all things dear to the heart of a gipsy.

"In a few days he told each of his dupes the trick he had played on them, and gave to each of them the payment he received from them.

"Some of them for questions asked, and secrets disclosed, would have taken a couple of fields of a round rather than meet him, or pass the house, and when asked the reason they would have answered, 'The Brontës are a dangerous people.'"

In this freak we may recognise the groundwork of the scene in "Jane Eyre" where Rochester tells the fortune of Blanche Ingram.

LETTER READ AT THE MEETING.*

Tory Street, Wellington, New Zealand,
October 24th, 1894.

SIR,—You will doubtless be surprised on receiving a communication from the far-away New Zealand, but I cannot refrain from congratulating you on the treatment of the history of my ancestors in your lately published book, "The Brontës in Ireland." I am one of their descendants. The William Brontë you refer to as having fought at the battle of Ballynahinch, and who had a narrow escape from the "Welsh Horse," was my grandfather, and my father's name was Patrick, called for his uncle of Haworth.

I am now nearly sixty years of age, and well remember to hear my grandfather talking over with my father and uncle his narrow escape after the Ballynahinch affair, and how he had crossed over the bogs and marshes, making a bee line for county Armagh, and swam through the canal, while the horsemen had to keep the roads and bridges, and how as the shades of evening fell he took refuge on a hill covered with gorse (whins) in Co. Armagh. The horsemen pursued and followed up his track so closely that they were able to dismount, and with sword in hand searched the hillside where he lay in ambush, and at one time a sword was plunged into the gorse within a short distance of where he lay. But as it was getting dark they mounted their horses and rode off in the direction of Newry, and how tired and hungry he made his way back to his home.

I was twenty years of age at the time of Charlotte's death, and I well remember the melancholy event, and the stir it caused among the uncles and aunts. Indeed they were a peculiar family, and quite different from the ordinary folks in intellectual grasp. In those days it was a common belief that the old forts (forths) were the homes of the "gentlefolks" (fairies), and I remember James Brontë listening to a story told by some one of a party of young people that were on their way to a dance at Dan Rafferty's, and when they were passing a certain forth they heard the fiddle being vigorously played, and the distinct laughter of the little folks as they were engaged in a dance. My uncle listened to the story, and in a vigorous and spasmodic manner, as if terribly in earnest, exclaimed, "Fairies Hell! There's no fairies. All lies and superstition!" That and another incident that occurred about the same time, made a strong impression on my young mind, for I was then a boy.

A certain roadman had been working at a contract in which he required to cut away a portion of an old forth, and during the time that he was carrying out the work he called at one of the roadside inns, and after drinking freely, laid his head on his arms and fell asleep at a table, and after a time, when they went to wake him, they found him dead. The superstitious said it was because he interfered with the forth; but the philosophic said he smothered through drink. However, few were willing to complete the contract, but the Brontë brothers tackled it, and completed it, to the horror of the superstitious.

Now as to your book. We got two copies brought out here, and the only portion that I can honestly take exception to is the **Shibeen* business. The word is the vernacular for a place where whiskey is sold without a license. On the other hand, a roadside inn is licensed, and groceries are sold there as well; and one of my grandfather's brothers kept such a place, but gave it up when his family grew up, but not before one of his sons got saturated with drink, and became a confirmed drunkard, to fill a premature grave. His name was Nailus, and a finer specimen of humanity I never saw. Another brother of his, Walsh, was drowned in the River Bann when crossing it in flood time. . . . The descendants of my grandfather, William Brontë, alone perpetuate the name. A great deal of lying trash has been written about the Revd. P. Brontë isolating himself from his family and denying his country by certain would-be oracles. But the reverse is the fact. I hold in my possession here two original letters written at Haworth, one dated 1855 and one 1859. One written to his Brother Hugh, the other to his sister Mary. His letter to Mary inclosed a P.O. order, "to buy her medicine," as he said. I extract a paragraph from his letter to Hugh. While discussing the farming interest, he says: "If they would in Ireland leave off their Bible-burning, murdering and quarrelling with each other, and as rational beings attend to the improvement of their country, owing to its good soil and harbours, mines, and many other peculiar advantages, Ireland, instead of being a degraded country, would be one of the most respectable portions of the globe." The above is not only characteristic of the man but also of his family. . . . I sincerely hope that your book will prove a success. Of one thing I am certain; you have given to the world the last word on the history of the Brontës in the British Isles. If you should find time and the inclination I would be happy to have a line from you, and should you require any information that I can impart I shall be happy to respond to your call.

We are now eight years under the Southern Cross, and since we left the North of Ireland; and I am happy to say that we have been singularly prosperous since our arrival here. You can make any use of this or any part of it.

Hoping that it will reach you safely, I am, with great respect, yours truly,

JOHN BRONTE.

P.S.—John Brontë is a licentiate of the Pharmaceutical Society of Ireland, and his son is a doctor practising in New Zealand. Nearly all the descendants of the Brontës are both industrious and prosperous, and highly esteemed by those who know them.

W. W.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—I observe that in the BOOKMAN for February Dr. Wright attempts to answer some strictures passed by me in the *Westminster Review* of October, 1895, on his work "The Brontës in Ireland." To show how ineffectual is his defence I should need to quote somewhat copiously both from his book and my article, and this would occupy too much of your space. I hope, however, shortly to republish my criticism from the *Westminster* in an enlarged form, and the

* Third annual meeting of the Brontë Society, Bradford, Jan. 16th.

* The objectionable word has disappeared from the third edition.

public will then be in possession of facts which will, I think, establish the mythical character of Dr. Wright's book beyond controversy, and will show that even events which he alleges to have happened within the memory of the living, and which he relates with the minutest particularity, must either have been invented by individuals, or have "growed" like Topsy.—I am, etc., ANGUS M. MACKEY.

Aberdeen, Feb. 12th, 1897.

NEW BOOKS.

GIBBON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHIES AND LETTERS.*

The three handsome octavos which we owe to Lord Sheffield and Mr. Murray profess to restore to Gibbon's Letters and Memoirs all that his dearest friend, the friend who could best divine his wishes and feelings, thought well to suppress. They will be opened with some suspicion and misgiving by those who are loyal to Gibbon's fame; they will be closed with a sigh of thankful relief, yet some stifled murmur of discontent. Discontent, because a great opportunity has been lost. Grateful as we are for such precious contributions to our literature, and fully sensible of the zeal and industry which has been expended on their publication, we cannot regard these editions as quite worthy of their subject. Their deficiencies are as obvious as they are regrettable. These let us gently point out.

First as to the "Autobiography," which Mr. Murray has himself edited. It contains an "Introduction" by Lord Sheffield, which is reproduced in the edition of the "Letters." As this concludes with the words, "Acknowledging to the fullest extent the obligation I am under to Mr. Frederic Harrison for the assistance he has given me in the preparation and composition of this preface," we prefer to ascribe its singularities to Mr. Harrison. All must approve his Lordship's decision to publish the treasures so long hidden in the archives of Sheffield Place, and his munificent gift of the original documents to the British Museum, and of the copyright to so safe a guardian as Mr. Murray. The "Introduction" insinuates a mystery and a discovery which never existed. It states that when it was decided to publish the MSS. "The unlocking of the cases . . . was quite a revelation of literary workmanship, and has led to a most interesting problem in literary history." Then, after some remarks on the six sketches of the "Life," it continues, "The result is a problem of singular literary interest. A piece most elaborately composed, . . . an autobiography often pronounced to be the best we possess, is now proved to be in no sense the simple work of that illustrious pen, but to have been dexterously placed together out of seven fragmentary sketches, and adapted into a single and coherent narrative." *Now proved!* And further, "No sooner had the discovery of the process by which Gibbon's Autobiography had been concocted been made public" (that is in 1894), "than a general desire was expressed," etc. There has been no discovery whatever, no revelation, no new problem. Nothing has been "now proved," because there was nothing to prove. Beyond the fact that frequent pencil marks show that Lady Maria assisted her father (as we have always inferred that she did) in preparing the MSS. for the press, Mr. Harrison's "revelations" add nothing to what was revealed by the first editor. The only literary problem involved is how Mr. Harrison could be ignorant of, or could suppress, all reference to the well-known passage (too well known to need quotation here), in the first Lord Sheffield's "Introductory Remarks," where he clearly describes the six unfinished sketches of the "Life," and adds, "From all these the following memoirs have been carefully selected and put together." This passage has been reprinted in every edition I have seen, among others that of Milman, the only person who had hitherto had access to the MSS., and who, after testifying to Holroyd's "great judgment" as editor, adds, "I found not above two or three sentences which I should have wished to rescue from oblivion"—a view we are far from sharing. This pretended "revelation," the suppression of even the remotest allusion to Holroyd's candid statements, and the use of such expressions as "concocted" and "extraordinary piece of editing," tend to cast doubt on the good faith of Gibbon's friend, and to deceive the unwary reader. And they have already done so; for in the only review I have seen, an excellent one too, the writer is hugely impressed by Mr. Harrison's wonder-story. Into the rather contradictory remarks as to the true character of the versions we will not enter; enough to endorse the view evidently adopted by Holroyd, namely that, however neat and elaborate, they were mere "sketches" or experiments by which Gibbon amused his leisure, with a view to the consummate and perfect work which, alas, he did not live to compose.

As to Mr. Murray's share in the work, our regret is that it is not larger. Any remarks on the separate MSS. suggested by his literary skill and experience would have been most valuable. As it is, we get only a meagre "Contents"—a mere list of the MSS., with a line or two of description, repeated as a footnote later on in the text. Even so, the fact that MS. E is dated (March 2, 1791) is omitted. The last MS., D, is marked "not hitherto published." But, as a fact, none of the rest has ever been published in full. The six sketches are apparently lettered according to the known or supposed dates of composition. But Mr. Murray has printed them in the following order, F, B, C, E, A, D—why, he does not say. The first four each carry the story lower down, but on that principle A should have been inserted after F, and D after C. The arrangement is extremely confusing. By the use of admirably bold, distinct, square brackets the editor professes to mark off all passages not included in what we may call the Sheffield *textus receptus*. His task was doubtless most tedious and difficult, but unless accurately performed it was wasted labour. We regret to say that the brackets are not to be trusted, and are therefore useless, since the careful student must always collate each passage for himself. The very first sentence printed by Mr. Murray reads thus: "My family is originally derived from the county of Kent, whose inhabitants have maintained from the earliest antiquity a provincial character of civility, courage, and freedom. The southern," etc. The first line I recognised at once; the local compliment seemed unfamiliar. On reference the passage from "whose" to "freedom" turned out to be wanting in the Authorised Version, and should have been bracketed. But it is not. In some cases (*e.g.*, on pages 7 and 85) the editor, in marking passages as unpublished, has overlooked the revised editions of 1815 and 1837. Most curious of all, in Version E, which alone contains the well-known peroration, it is followed by twenty-one lines and a note, which appear for the first time, but without brackets. Nor is it mentioned that the previous note was dexterously inserted by Sheffield in the text. These errors are far too numerous. Moreover, Mr. Harrison states that "quite a third of the whole manuscript is omitted" by Holroyd. This is misleading. The six versions all begin at the beginning, though some are carried down further than others. Whole pages were copied by Gibbon from one to another with little or no alteration; others he afterwards amplified or condensed. Lord Sheffield selected the version of each passage which he thought best, and what more could he do? The others are here bracketed as unpublished matter. Thus the whole of D, a mere abstract, is bracketed; so are twenty-five pages early in B, which differ little from the received text. By such means the "third" may be made up. But if we reckon only new matter, a tenth or twelfth would be nearer the mark. By far the most novel is A, the earliest version. It consists mainly of family annals, charmingly written, which Sheffield (following Gibbon's example) unfortunately rejected.

Mr. Murray retains all Gibbon's own notes, most of Sheffield's, a few of Milman's, and adds some of his own. We wish he had added more. Gibbon left some notes on Version F, mere obscure, enigmatical, abbreviated jottings for his own use. These Mr. Murray has elucidated with remarkable skill, judgment, and industry. Having wondered for years how Gibbon and all his commentators could miss the point of the heraldic pun invented by his ancestor, who altered the charge of three scallop shells to

* "The Autobiographies of Edward Gibbon." Printed verbatim from hitherto unpublished MS. Edited by John Murray. (Murray.)
"Private Letters of Edward Gibbon, 1753-1794." Edited by R. E. Prothero. In two volumes. (Murray.)

three ogresses, in allusion to three hostile aunts, I am delighted to find that Mr. Murray has given the right explanation, though he too loosely says, "*Ogress* is a synonym for a *pellet* or *roundle*." In spite of some confusion of language, he appears to mean, what I have always thought, that an ogress is a *pellet*, that is, a *black* roundel. Which reminds me that this was the only test I applied to the Index, where under the Gibbon "arms" I found references to pp. 4 and 359. The point is handled in five of the versions, and pp. 106, 212, and 293 should have been added. Unless this is an exceptional instance, the Index will hardly diminish the labour of collation. Lastly, we may mention that Gibbon's Will, printed by Mr. Murray and dated 1788, was revoked by the subsequent will of October 1st, 1791, of which Sheffield gave the substance.

The two volumes of "Private Letters" comprise, we are told, the whole collection at Sheffield Place. They are now printed verbatim, Lord Sheffield's omissions and alterations being now made good. Most are addressed to the Holroyd family, or to Gibbon's father, stepmother, or aunt. Towards the end a few replies from Sheffield and Lady Maria occur; we wish there were more. One cannot help missing certain valuable letters to and from distinguished literary men, which Holroyd included. Are they in the Sheffield collection? If so, are there more of them? If so, we are impatient for their appearance. The present volumes are edited by Mr. Prothero. His preface is judicious and to the point. Not so his notes. History, we should infer, is his favourite study, and he has thus been led into the singular delusion that Gibbon's letters are mainly valuable as materials for history. They have no such value whatever, not even his reports as to French aggression in Switzerland. Like everyone else in that day he makes passing reflections on the American War, home politics, parties and ministers, the French Revolution, and so forth, and these reflections are sometimes worth comment; but then Mr. Prothero does not comment on them. What he does is to fasten, not systematically but capriciously, on some casual allusion as a peg for a historical note, often of a dry, elementary character. Especially when writing from London to Holroyd in the country, Gibbon often ended by a few laconic scraps of the news of the day. Suppose he says, No news of Rodney's expedition yet. Mr. Prothero tells who Rodney was, where he was, what he was doing, how he fared, and all about it, with dates. Suppose he mentions that such and such a Bill was safely passed last night; we have a correct note on that Bill, with the division numbers. If he telegraphs that North is out and Rockingham in, we are bored by full lists of the ministries. Suppose he says, It is rumoured here that the Empress is moving troops; we get an instalment of foreign history. These are not verified instances, but give a fair impression of the notes. They are clear, they are concise, they are accurate; but they are utterly out of place. Summaries of naval operations, abstracts of foreign wars, parliamentary details, analyses of French revolutionary history—what on earth have these to do with Gibbon? Mr. Murray does not mean his handsome volumes to be used in schools as primers of history. I repeat that Gibbon's letters have no bearing on history. He was never behind the scenes. Till the Revolution rudely shocked him in his Swiss retreat, he took but a languid interest in public affairs, and even that only in sympathy with Holroyd. Further, his letters throw no new lights on the society of his period. He was no gossip—or perhaps we should say, a very bad gossip. He just jots down the tattle of the hour; Walpole relates it. But of course the editor feels he must sprinkle a few biographical notes, picking out a name here and there, some well known, some obscure—often persons just casually enumerated by Gibbon. But he has nothing to say about several names which are always recurring, of persons whose close relations to the author are very obscure. Both his historical and biographical notes are, from our point of view, mostly superfluous. What, then, would we have? Well, what no editor is likely to give us, unless he recognises that the interest of Gibbon's autobiography and correspondence is confined primarily to himself, his mind, his work, his development; and in a secondary degree to his immediate environment, to that long series of charming interiors and cabinet pictures which depict the life of the philosopher-historian. In these things Mr. Prothero betrays small interest—much less probably than he feels. He just has to edit like other popular editors. When he sees his way to elucidate the text he does so with excellent effect. But the letters teem with difficulties and obscurities, as every correspondence must when you only print one side. The truth is, that Mr. Prothero does not know enough of the subject. But who does?

It is not that I fail to recognise the merits of this edition that I have examined it thus strictly, but because the interest of the text is so excessive and perennial that a commentary thus inadequate and temporary gives occasion to discontent. And that discontent darkens to despair as we forecast the future. Lord Sheffield and Mr. Murray have already done much for us. They have given us the full, correct texts. So far, pure gain. Perhaps they were right. We were in a hurry, and a perfect edition would have taken many years to compile. But now it must be long before we can expect even the Murrays, as holding the copyright, to supersede an edition which answers to the needs of all but the few.

Yet even so, perchance all is for the best. The full, final Memorials of Gibbon are destined to appear in due season. The times are ripening. As literature daily becomes a force, permeating wider and deeper our national life, popular curiosity must fasten more and more keenly on Gibbon as the supreme type of the virtues, the dignity, and the felicity of the scholar-life. Beyond what he has told us, how little we know of him! And of that, much, I am convinced, is wrong—mere idle or spiteful gossip. We shall never know all. It is too late. How many personal reminiscences must have lingered in England, Paris, and Lausanne till fifty years ago, how many letters—now lost for ever! A few memorials, however, must surely exist still uncollected, and much could be done to explain and illustrate those we already possess. It would be monstrous to expect scholars like the present editors to wade once more through the obscurer literature of the period in search of stray lights and references. But a young student of adequate ability, beginning on that period, might easily keep a Gibbon note-book, and amass by the way a valuable body of information from various sources. The most pressing question is whether more of Holroyd's letters survive, beyond the few later ones now printed. We are not told. Apart from their own merits, they are the best keys to Gibbon's replies.

I have read every word of these three volumes, lest by skipping some fragment of value might be lost. But I cannot urge the ordinary reader to do the same. So much of the letters is mere formal or bantering commonplace, so much is tedious and obscure business details. But, like the "Autobiographies," they abound in graceful and interesting passages, which the practised eye must single out. Some day—audacious, revolutionary thought!—we may take to printing such works like school-books, with the plums in bigger type. To transfer them to these pages was not my present design. For they have suggested at least a hundred enquiries, each of which would demand a separate essay, among which it would be hard indeed to choose.

Y. Y.

THE NANSEN SAGA.*

"Shrouded in fog lay the mystic land of Nivlheim, where the Reimtürser carried on their wild gambols. Why did we [Norsemen] continually return to the attack? There in the darkness and cold stood Helheim, where the death-goddess held her sway; there lay Nästrand, the shore of corpses. Thither, where no living being could draw breath, thither troop after troop made its way. To what end? Was it to bring home the dead, as did Hermod when he rode after Baldur? No! it was simply to satisfy man's thirst for knowledge." So writes Nansen of exploration in the dawn of history, knowing that, for all his debt to modern science and training, and to the experiences and warnings of other

* Fridtjof Nansen's "Farthest North," being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the ship *Fram*, 1893-96, and of a Fifteen Months' Sleigh Journey by Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Johansen. With an Appendix by Otto Sverdrup, Captain of the *Fram*. About 120 full-page and numerous text illustrations, sixteen coloured plates in *facsimile* from Dr. Nansen's own sketches, etched portrait, photogravures, and maps. 2 vols. 42s. net. (A. Constable.)

Arctic voyagers, a debt generously acknowledged, the first impulse, the haunting compulsion that forced him to the north, the fascination that held him there, lost, weary, and in danger, were far older than his own memories and studies, and came from the Vikings, from Leif and Eric the Red. "Was it a mere feeling of duty that impelled me?" he asks, in one of his candid and expansive moments. "Oh, no! I was simply a child yearning for a great adventure out in the unknown, who had dreamed of it so long that at last I believed it really awaited me; and it has, indeed, fallen to my lot, the great adventure of the ice."

In the record of "booms" there is none more creditable than the Nansen one. It means even more than our national admiration for pluck; it is a response of the imagination to a quality in the leader, in the spirit of the expedition not always present in other leaders who have had our whole-hearted admiration and pity for their sufferings and their indomitable endurance. Read the book and see the man to find what that quality is. The record of his adventures as told in the newspapers and in his own lectures is not nearly enough to show his possession by a dream that had to be fulfilled, an idea that had to be worked out. As a story-book, "Farthest North" is magnificent and dangerously fascinating; truant schoolboys may now be looked for by the score as stowaways in whaling boats; the world has no use for the chill-blooded man, woman, or child who does not follow with breathless interest the bear-stalking, the polar hut-building, the kayak-sailing, the fights with walruses, the tough defiance of death in a hundred forms by the two fine fellows alone up there in the 80° latitudes. And yet we feel sure we are not singular in thinking that the most thrilling portion of the book consists in the extracts from Nansen's diary before he left the *Fram*, and after they had passed Cape Chelyuski. You live with him then day by day, watching the signs that tell for or against his great idea—that an expedition could be transported on the drift ice and by the same route across the Polar Sea, that once the ship was set fast in the ice the current, which he had guessed, would be its motive power. Nearly all the authorities were against him, his responsibilities were tremendous, and for his enthusiastic temperament, his faith in his star, he has, like every owner of these fine possessions, to pay by moments of deep doubt and dark depression. The daily evidence went often dead against his idea. He never deceives himself, but waits, waits, solacing himself in the trust of his comrades, by his cares for their comfort, in the marvellous beauty of the arctic skies, and occasionally "rummaging in one of the old philosophers" to find strength to bear the worst. Then when he pours himself out a little to his diary, he calls it "whining like an old woman." It is in that long period of uncertainty, whether, save for general scientific purposes, the *Fram's* voyage may not be proved in vain, that is born the real sympathy with this leader, a man in love with an idea, and yet who will not sacrifice an inch of truth to his maintenance of it—a sympathy of a kind and degree we could never have otherwise felt, however many might have been his adventures, however much his pluck, however great his sufferings.

Nansen's personality, so simply and so vividly revealed in his modest utterances, places the book quite apart from nearly all other books of travel. The scientific results of the expedition, the final proof of the breaking and shifting expanse of drift-ice in the region round the Pole, instead of a supposed immovable ice-mantle, the observations on the winds and on the current that sets the ice in motion, the discovery that the sea in the neighbourhood of the Pole is deep, together with the vast amount of hydrographic, magnetic, meteorological, astronomical, and zoological information, much of which has still to be formulated, are of first-class importance. And no one who reads the narrative will withhold his hearty admiration for the loyalty, the grit of the sterling good fellows that formed the community on board the *Fram*. But the man Nansen dominates us, and makes what might have been but a stirring story into a real book. When a dreamer can drudge, there should be a great result. Nansen drudged, and thus made perhaps the greatest of his discoveries, that men could not only be kept alive under circumstances which have always before been fatal or perilously cruel, but even healthy and happy. His gift of practical direction how to live in extreme northern latitudes is priceless. He apologises to the shades of Arctic travellers for his comfort on board the *Fram*, but that comfort had meant years of hard thinking and investigation. Nansen's consistent plan seems to have been to take every possible precaution, and give himself and his comrades every good chance of life, but only that the great idea might the better prosper. Endurance and determination had no limits in face of that. "A wretched invention, forsooth, for people who wish to push on, is a 'line of retreat,'" he says, "an everlasting inducement to look behind, when they should have enough to do in looking ahead."

Combined with the northern hardihood and defiance of nature's cruellist conditions, is his northern melancholy and his transcendentalism. In the long arctic night, amid the eternal stretches of white, facing the glories of sky, the effects of which there was nothing on the bare earth or sea to rival, his homesickness, his dreaming, his guesses at the riddle of existence are endlessly fed. The expression of his longings may to an English reader seem high-flown. Well, it is not English; it is Teutonic; but it is always naively sincere. The continuous inaction, his "life's 'Ragnarok' dividing it into two," is beyond bearing at times, and he cries out on Truth, "Why should we always make so much of truth? Life is more than cold truth, and we live but once." But then the dream, the impulse, the idea are on again; and he is ready for the life of a savage, for the endless monotony, the endless drudgery through ice and water and the unknown, that the work may go on, and the dream be proved real.

We cannot end without grateful acknowledgment to the translators and the publishers. The English rendering is excellent. It is not a hard criticism, however, to say that the dull word "careless" should not have been substituted for the real and the better one in the Irish saying on which these arctic heroes invariably acted, "If ye can't be aisy, then be as aisy as ye can." The publishers deserve the highest praise for their issue of two such handsome volumes, for the invaluable maps they include, and for the reproductions of the endless illustrations in black and white, and in colours, that add so much to the realisation of Nansen's great undertaking.

PIONEERS OF EVOLUTION FROM THALES TO HUXLEY.*

This book is intended to give a sketch of the history of those who have been the formulators of hypotheses of evolution in ancient and modern times. It is written from the standpoint of a naturalistic monism, and its author belongs to the school which is inspired by what Lotze has appropriately called the importunate persuasiveness of modern science. The first part consists of a very brief and imperfect summary of the cosmogonic speculations of some of the Greek philosophers, and a comparison of these with the views of the monistic evolutionists of the present age. The treatment of this part of the subject is very slight and inadequate, but is probably as serious as the subject deserves; for there is underlying all such comparisons the assumption that when the same terms are used by the ancient philosophers and by the modern investigators, they have a comparable extension; which is in most cases, to say the least of it, doubtful, and in some instances certainly inaccurate.

The kernel of the book is the second part, the theme of which is that the religion of Christ has been the hindrance in the way of the development of science, not only dogmatic theology in its mediæval form, but Christianity of any sort, on account of its fundamental postulate of the existence of a spiritual world. This he does not regard as being so much due to the influence of the actual teaching of the Carpenter of Nazareth, as to that of His followers. Mr. Clodd seems disposed to treat Him with a sort of supercilious patronage, even although he says that Jesus taught nothing that was new, and was steeped in the mischievous delusions of His time. The primary culprit was Paul of Tarsus, who systematised the teaching of his Master and made Christianity

* "Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Huxley." With an intermediate chapter on the Causes of Arrest of the Movement. By Edward Clodd. 5s. (London: Grant Richards.)

a religion. As a monist Mr. Clodd can neither know nor receive these "things of the spirit," and regards them not only as foolishness but as hindrances towards that abstract unity to which he desires to reduce the phenomena of man and the world. He puts the date of the check in the adoption of an evolution philosophy at A.D. 50, but, as during the two centuries in which Christianity was an obscure and persecuted system it can scarcely have acted as an obstacle to the growth of scientific knowledge if the disposition to develop a Lucretian system had been a living tendency, the fact that in this time there is no trace of scientific progress must be due to some other cause.

The third section deals with the renascence of science, which he regards as beginning about A.D. 1600. The fourth and most interesting part consists of short biographical sketches of Darwin, Wallace, Herbert Spencer, and Huxley.

The work of each of these great and earnest men is briefly sketched. Mr. Wallace's spiritualism is a sore subject to Mr. Clodd, and is dealt with in a deprecatory and rather unsympathetic passage.

Mr. Clodd's style is colloquial and somewhat rough, but forcible. There is much of what he has aptly termed a "snippety" character in the book, which perhaps was unavoidable, as the book is a compilation from many sources. There is very little of the modesty of science in his utterances, and he is always cocksure, and inclined to be dogmatic in matters which are in some cases hypothetical. To take one example, he tells us that *all* modern research tends to show that the various combinations of matter are formed of some *prima materia*, ignoring the laborious researches of Stas, which are among the most recent on the subject, and the equally definite statements of Mendeleef. In like manner he is equally certain of the historical accuracy of the views of the most destructive of the "higher critics."

Mr. Clodd writes as a partisan, holding a brief for his cause, and gives only an outline of the statement of his case for monism, without entering into arguments; but the reader can scarcely help believing that the system of nature is greater than is his construction of it. It would certainly require a very much stronger case to annihilate the influence of that which the Master of Balliol has termed the 'unscientific consciousness which is expressed in religion and morality.

ALEXANDER MACALISTER.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THEOLOGY.*

It is barely ten years since the first edition of Principal Cave's "Introduction to Theology" was published. It was then eagerly welcomed as the best guide to the literature of theology. But this second edition as far surpasses the first in this respect as the first surpassed all other bibliographies. Any previous attempts which had been made to furnish the theological student with a complete guide to its literature were rendered obsolete by the lists of Principal Cave. In certain departments tolerably complete catalogues were to be found, but even though all these had been brought together, the result would have fallen far short of the bibliography provided in this Introduction. In this second edition the lists of books have been vastly extended and carefully brought up to date. All books of any importance are so classified and arranged as to be easily discovered, and in most cases brief indications of their contents and value are given. The numerous series of theological manuals and lectures are described in detail, the title and date of each volume being given; and even where a book such as Spitta's "Zur Geschichte," etc., contains papers on various subjects, the titles of these papers are detailed. Among the series mentioned Principal Cave might advantageously have included the *Bibliotheque de l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes*. There are also some unaccountable omissions in his lists of separate works. On Greek religion the essays of Lobeck, Anrich, and Wobbermin on the Mysteries might have been mentioned; and Roman religion will scarcely be understood without consulting Gaston Boissier. On the doctrine of the Holy Spirit none of the books mentioned by Principal Cave will convey as much instruction as those of Gloel and Gunckel, which are omitted. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the lists furnished in this volume do not profess to be exhaustive, and that they certainly are by far the best we have, and are admirably fitted to be of service to the student.

Principal Cave mildly expostulates with the public for accepting his volume mainly as a Bibliography. He claims that it is much more. It is, he says, an introduction to a new theology. This new theology is the scientific treatment of a simple and unique class of facts—the facts of religion. These facts of religion are to be found not only in Christianity but among all races of mankind. Even revelation, according to Dr. Cave, is not the exclusive possession of Biblical religion. Accordingly theology must be so considered as to admit of reference to non-Christian religions. And this volume is intended to teach the student what theology is, what its various branches are, and where the best aids to its understanding are to be found. In a word, under this simple title of Introduction, Principal Cave furnishes the English-speaking student with an aid, guide, or discipline similar to that which is provided for the German theologian under the terms *Encyclopédia* and *Methodology*. And unquestionably it is of great service to any one entering upon a large field of study, to have it mapped out in its various departments. In this we have no better guide than Principal Cave. He combines in an unusual degree a philosophical grasp of his subject and an extensive acquaintance with its literature. His Introduction should be in the hands of every theological student, and is well fitted to illustrate the magnitude of the subject as well as to show how it can be attacked in detail.

MARCUS DODS.

* "An Introduction to Theology: Its Principles, its Branches, its Results, and its Literature." By Alfred Cave, B.A., D.D., Principal of Hackney College. Second Edition. Largely Re-written. (T. and T. Clark.)

THE LITTLE REGIMENT.*

The best of Mr. Crane's work in the field where as yet he has best exerted himself, gives the impression of a perfectly independent discovery and adoption of Tolstoy's method—one of Tolstoy's methods, to be exact, that in which he appears as a highly organised sensitivist. Impressionist the Russian novelist has been called, but the nerves have even more to do with the effect produced than have the eyes—take the most striking scenes in "The Cossacks," for example. Mr. Crane is too young in his art to be beyond criticism; but he has earned the right to be recognised as no imitator, even when he is recalling to us a strange, rare power of an elder and a greater brother. He sees things in the same way, and even more habitually. To say he sees them thus is but a poor way of expressing his rendering of a scene, which is a translation of the mingled sensations of the mind and body all nervously alert and tingling. This is only difficult to render; it is not a rare experience of a rare nature; and the method is as fit for the narration of the experiences of savages as of the most complicated and civilised of human beings. It is alike useful to him when he stands aloof from his personages, to paint his vision of the scene, and when he translates the conscious or unconscious relations of the simplest and roughest of his characters to their circumstances. As a story-teller he has yet much to learn—those in this volume are not all successes—but in description of the kind that is worth anything at all in literature, which seizes on the essential, where the seeker of the picturesque nearly always fails, into which the simple truth-teller sometimes blunders, and where only rare artists know their way, he is already a master. One example is worth any number of prosy comments; and I will cut mine short to let his powers speak.

"Branches and heavy trunks cluttered the mud in driftwood tangles, while a few shattered forms had contrived to remain dejectedly, mournfully upright. They expressed an innocence, a helplessness, which perforce created a pity for their happening into this caldron of battle. Furthermore there was under foot a vast collection of odd things reminiscent of the charge, the fight, the retreat. These were boxes and barrels filled with the earth, behind which riflemen had lain snugly, and in these little trenches were the dead in blue with the dead in grey, the poses eloquent of the struggles for possession of the town, until the history of the whole conflict was written plainly in the streets.

"And yet the spirit of this little city, its quaint individuality, poised in the air above the ruins, defying the guns, the sweeping

* "The Little Regiment, and Other Episodes of the American Civil War." Pioneer Series. 3s. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

volleys; holding in contempt those avaricious blazes which had attacked many dwellings. The hard, earthen side-walks proclaimed the games that had been played there during long, lazy days, in the careful shadows of the trees. 'General merchandise,' in faint letters on a long board, had to be read with a slanted glance, for the sign dangled by one end; but the porch of the old store was a palpable legend of wide-hatted men, smoking.

"This subtle essence, this soul of the life that had been, brushed like invisible wings the thoughts of the men in the swift columns that came up from the river.

"In the darkness a loud and endless humming arose from the great blue crowds bivouacked in the streets. From time to time a sharp spatter of firing from far picket lines entered this bass chorus. The smell from the smouldering ruins floated on the cold night breeze."

A. M.

LIFE OF GORDON.*

A life of General Gordon which is so full and exhaustive as the book before us is an important biographical event, and particularly is this so in the present instance, owing to the large amount of new matter that Mr. Boulger has been able to procure for his two volumes.

This latest life of the great soldier is wonderfully detailed, and will prove of great service from a historical as well as from a personal point of view. Although there can be no doubt as to the solid value of this new life of Gordon, and although it may be very favourably compared with Mr. Egmont Hake's monograph or Mr. A. Wilson's earlier book, our praise must be tempered with discrimination, for there are a good many things at which to cavil. Mr. Boulger writes sympathetically and in a manly, straightforward way about his hero, while his minute knowledge and unique sources of information enable him to give us a distinct and finished picture of Gordon's personality. But the arrangement of the book is bad, and the author, who is far too discursive, often brings in much that is irrelevant or unimportant. Again, in a piece of work that goes so deeply into minutiæ, we have a right to demand an accuracy which shall be unimpeachable, and we have discovered several errors.

To begin with, Mr. Boulger provides not a single map or sketch plan of any of Gordon's campaigns, which in a work of this character is surely a grave omission. He frequently breaks away from the story of the life into whole pages of historical resumé, which, while they bore us by unnecessary prolixity, throw no additional light on the main points at issue. In this way the whole of Chapter IV. is taken up by a history of the Taeping Rebellion prior to Gordon's intervention, and again there is another digression a little further on in the book, which deals at great length with Zebehr Ramana and his black brigade of slave dealers. As for Mr. Boulger's mistakes, they are unimportant in themselves, but they occur rather frequently, and it is right that a few of them should be mentioned. When, in 1859, Gordon entered on military duties at Chatham, it was as second adjutant to the engineer corps, not as adjutant. Gordon became a mandarin and took up his command in the Chinese army at "Sungkiang" (more correctly, by the way, spelt Sungkiong) on the 24th of March, 1863, not, as Mr. Boulger tells us, on the 25th, while his second return to Egypt took place in January not February, 1877. Moreover we do not quite like the indiscriminate way in which Gordon is called "General" at a time when, in the progress of the book, he was only Lieutenant-Colonel. One more point remains before we turn to the really valuable qualities of the book—Mr. Boulger's rare lapses into journalese are not happy. When he speaks of Mrs. Gordon, to take the most flagrant instance, it is amusing to read of a mother "whose solicitude for her son's personal safety had been more than once evinced."

And now to the more congenial task of praise. In Chapter VIII. we have a well-considered and thoroughly admirable account of the shady intrigue that went on in the Delta when Gordon was trying to assist the Khedive to untie the tangled knot of Egyptian finance and of the causes that led Mr. Goschen to send the famous "rude telegram." Indeed, the second half of the book which deals with Egypt and the tremendous difficulties which Gordon encountered there, is as well done as we could possibly desire.

Mr. Boulger comes to the conclusion that Gordon was more of a soldier than a saint, and the mass of evidence he adduces, while it does not in the least detract from the hero's character, ought to go far in removing the impression of "mawkishness" which still lingers in the minds of some people.

Space forbids us to quote any of the delightful personalia with which the pages of the book are liberally sprinkled; it will suffice to say that the author is never dull when writing directly about his friend. This in a biography is an inestimable boon.

RANGER GULL.

* "Life of Gordon." By D. C. Boulger. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

SCOTTISH POETRY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

Mr. George Eyre-Todd is to be heartily congratulated on the successful completion of the important and useful literary enterprise to which he has given the happy title of the "Abbotsford Series of Scottish Poets." The volumes of which it is composed, and which have been noticed in THE BOOKMAN as they were published, constitute by far the most readable handbook to Scottish poetry that has ever appeared. Mr. Todd is a judicious selector; the biographies of the authors he selects from are careful and sympathetic; and the glossarial information he supplies is, well, more than passable—which is, however, saying a great deal. Sometimes his writing proves that he has not quite the "newest light" on all his authors. Thus he seems from the first of his two volumes on "Scottish Poetry of the Eighteenth Century" to be unaware of the fact that John Lapraik, one of Burns's contemporaries, was more than "suspect" as to the authorship of the exquisite picture of connubial love, but for which he would have been long ago forgotten. The wonder is, however, considering the large extent of ground Mr. Todd has to travel over, that he has not committed more errors than he has actually fallen into. The second of his two volumes dealing specially with the last century is an improvement upon its predecessor. Mr. Todd speaks, as it seems, with greater heartiness—the greater heartiness that comes of more intimate knowledge. He brings a very imposing array of writers to the front, and presents their best—not only such familiar names as Burns, Fergusson, the Baroness Nairne, and "Minstrel" Beattie, but more distinctly "local" singers like Alexander Geddes, Alexander Wilson, Hector McNeill, John Mayne, and Andrew Shirrefs. This second volume is, like its predecessor, not impeccable in regard to matters of fact. Mr. Todd has not quite solved the mystery of the Bruce-Logan authorship of certain poems. His biography of Burns is concise, and so very fair that, in speaking of the latest years of the poet's life, he says, "If he had a passion for social excitement he was but rarely known to indulge in excess." But he seems to regard the Mary Campbell episode in Burns's life as a prelude to his attachment to Jean Armour, not a mere interlude in the course of it. Further, Mr. Todd is in error in saying that Burns's promotion in the Excise was "stopped" by certain "over free" expressions on the subject of the French Revolution. That promotion was never "stopped." Then Mr. Todd has not been quite so happy in his selections from certain authors as he might have been. Thus, Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, is not so well represented by "The Laurel Disputed" as he would have been by a portion of "Watty and Meg," to which, in spite of its realism, Mr. Todd is not at all just when he says that "it contains nothing which might not have been as well expressed in prose." Mr. Todd should set about preparing a new edition of his "Abbotsford Series." Any errors he has made could be rectified without much trouble, and his work be made absolutely, what it is already to all intents and purposes, the best thesaurus of Scottish poetry that the English language can show.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

* "Scottish Poetry of the Eighteenth Century." Volume II. Abbotsford Series of the Scottish Poets. Edited by George Eyre-Todd. (Glasgow: William Hodge and Co. 1897.)

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN GIRL.*

The most delightful heroes of fiction have ever been knights-errant, homeless rascals, and questing pilgrims. So Mr. Le Gallienne is on a fair way to win our favour by merely refusing to let his newest hero sit and wait till his ideal lady comes along. To go on a walking-tour to find a wife may sound a trifle too deliberate for romance; but then, grant a little allegory and it seems all right.

Of his companions of the road, we have rather more than a speaking acquaintance with three or four. Alastor, it must be confessed, is our favourite, and Alastor is no golden girl but a charming boy, with the star of hope upon his brow, and "little wings of haste upon his feet," eager for life, but life in the empyrean, with all the scorn of twenty for the cold wisdom of his elders. We should indeed have preferred his company on the quest, but we had only the chance of a short meeting. Then, after sundry adventures, we fell in with Nicolete fishing by the banks of a stream, an independent, vivacious, rather over-mature young woman of twenty. At least, so we guessed from her conversation. But the shrewd quester quickly made up his mind that though she was adorable, she was a little too young to spend his life with. A few days, however, he does not grudge, and in response to her request, they set off together, and alone, on their wandering—for ever, she believes. As the sun is shining in the merry month of May, we, following at a discreet distance, prepare to enjoy their adventure enormously. But such is their haste, or our discretion, that we never quite know what happened on the way—sunstroke perhaps—to reduce the independent and intellectual young woman to sheer inanity. When the angry father comes to take her off his hands, the hero has our congratulations, if not our sympathy. Then there is Sylvia Joy, whose petticoat and stockings hanging on a clothes-line he fell in love with, and whose further acquaintance he made when he was benevolently meddling in the affairs of a young married couple who had played away their happiness out of a foolish respect for theory. Sylvia is quite evidently not the Golden Girl. In his haste, he said she would do instead; only she preferred her own good professional income—she was a talented dancer—to anything but the most substantial chance of matrimony. Semiramis, the American, with her air of pathetic devotion to every male being within the range of her eyes, he perhaps never took very seriously; for though they went through the mystic rite of "pressing each other's feet under the table" at their first meeting, that apparently is not the kind of thing the Golden Girl is in the habit of doing. And meanwhile a face had haunted him, a face set round with chestnut hair, which he met one day on an "apocalyptic moorland." He met it again, years after—for the walking-tour did not end his quest—in Piccadilly; and it was set about this time with golden locks. The quest is at an end. His one discontent is with the altered hue. Time can undo what art has done; but she prophesies the death of their happiness when the chestnut hue returns. Is there symbolism here? Perhaps it is our own suggestion, not the hero's, that only whilst an artificial light dwelt about Elizabeth could the romance remain. Mr. Le Gallienne will not kill the romance; he lets her die instead. His hero is puzzled over the psychology of this woman of his heart. So should we be, if we accepted his view of the matter. Why should he not love a lovable outcast? Why, to explain his devotion to an unhappy woman who has fallen low, should he insist that, in spite of all her history, she was a Puritan? To read Sunday-school stories and to think atheists the most depraved of human beings is not to be a Puritan. He should have the proud courage of his love or give it up.

Besides the girls of a more or less golden hue, this hero found some other entertaining things. He discovered the foolishness of theory, for instance, and pleasantly illustrates the same. He promulgates some opinions and theories of his own, too, which we may find amusing without endorsing; for example, that gypsies being now, along with waterfalls and ruined castles, "the public property of the emotions, no longer touch the private heart, or stir the private imagination;" likewise "that there is an opportunity for a new form of novel, in which the novelist . . . will skip all the dull people, and merely indicate such of them as are necessary to the action by an outline or a symbol."

Another theory of his, that innocence consists largely of "unconsciousness of wrong-doing" is more relevant to our criticism. We base our doubt of the converse of this on the very book before us. Mr. Le Gallienne is not at all unconscious. He desires and means to be naughty—not wicked, of course, but the result is innocent enough. It is the naughtiness of a boy in his teens, however, that is suggested, not that of a man in his thirties; good enough for fooling, distasteful for sentiment. Mr. Le Gallienne is not always fooling.

But the truth is, we are handicapped in our appreciation of his fantasy by the too wide difference between his views of the romantic and our own. We knew it when we reached p. 48, where occurs the story of the love of the lady of the manor (she was once an actress) for the village schoolmaster. They used to meet in the dingle and laugh and love and drink champagne. "When it all came out, there was a regular cartload of bottles found there." The heart of Mr. Le Gallienne's hero waxed soft at the tale. "I retraced my steps to the common, and rambled up that green lane, along which the romantic schoolmaster used to steal in the moonlight to the warm arms of his love. How eagerly he had trodden the very turf I was treading—we never know at what moment we are treading sacred earth." But was the lode-star of that lover the eyes of his lady or the glimmer of the champagne bottles? Under the "cartload" of these our feebler sense of the romantic was crushed and killed. A. M.

* "The Quest of the Golden Girl." A Romance. By Richard Le Gallienne. 5s. net. (Lane.)

BOOK SALES OF THE YEAR.*

We congratulate both editor and publisher on the timely appearance of this tenth volume of their annual record of the second-hand book sales of the year. Only those who labour at such reference books as these can have the faintest conception of the work necessary to their accomplishment. The present issue is uniform in binding and printing with the volumes already published, but it contains, in addition, a subject index and comments to many of the entries "either bibliographically or by way of collation." Mr. Slater's work has been of so much good value in the past that it might seem as if we were ungrateful to take him to task over his latest achievement. But a work of this kind, to be useful, must satisfy the conditions within which it was planned, and within these conditions the tenth volume is open to grave animadversions.

In the first place the subject index is lamentably incomplete, since the reference there given is to one copy only of a book mentioned, perhaps, four or five times in the general index. To give one or two instances: Ackermann's "History of the University of Cambridge" has one reference in the subject index, and three in the general index; Goldsmith's "Traveller" is referred to once in the former, and four times in the latter index. Under "Theology" we find "Bibles, see general Index," with no reference at all to the body of the book. Jones's "Grammar of Ornament" is mentioned four times in the general index, and but once in the subject index. We would commend to Mr. Slater the value of a combined subject and author index for his next volume.

With regard to the comments, "either bibliographically or by way of collation," we noticed that many of them appeared strangely familiar to us; so much so, that we hunted up the auctioneers' catalogues for two of the sales with which we happen to be familiar. The "Frere Sale" (February 1896) and an important sale of "Books and Manuscripts" which took place at Messrs. Sotheby and Co.'s rooms, also in February. On comparing the notes in Mr. Slater's "Book Prices Current" with the notes to the same lots in the catalogues of Messrs. Sotheby, we were startled to find that they were exactly alike. In Mr. Slater's book the notes to Nos. 1558, 1718, 1763, 1845, 1774, 1784, 1834, 1852, 1853, 1881, and 1910, read word for word with the notes in the catalogues. Now we do not find fault with Mr. Slater for reprinting these; on the contrary, we think

* "Book Prices Current." Edited by J. H. Slater. Vol. X. Elliot Stock, 1897. 8vo. £1 7s. 6d. net.

they are too valuable to be omitted. But we do find fault with him for doing so, not merely without acknowledgment, but with the initials "Ed." placed after them in every case. Further comment on such plagiarism is, perhaps, unnecessary.

We notice that the important "Tylney Book of Hours" is not recorded, although other MSS. are. Nor is any mention made anywhere of the valuable MSS. of the "Bibliotheca Phillippica."

In spite, however, of these shortcomings, "Book Prices Current" deserves an honourable place in the library of every bookseller and book-collector, but is not the price somewhat prohibitive? If the publisher will forgive us one word more of advice, we would recommend the printing of the authors' names and titles of books in type different from the general descriptions. As they now stand, they are difficult to distinguish. TEMPLE SCOTT.

NOVEL NOTES.

TROOPER PETER HALKET OF MASHONALAND. By Olive Schreiner. 6s. (Unwin.)

He revealed Himself unto babes. Separated from his company, and lost in the great veldt, Trooper Peter Halket dreams by his fire of the fortune he is going to make before he leaves South Africa. He does not know how, but others have done it before him, out of the Mashonas and Matabeles, or in some other vague way. His mother had had a hard struggle, but when riches come she shall have the best of times. A tall, dark man clad in a loose linen garment joins him, sits with him by the fire, and Peter, getting the better of his awe, questions the stranger, and not understanding who He may be, pours out his own history, and his crude views on white men and black. The visionary interview is bold, but it is reverent and earnest. The effect produced on readers by the Lord Jesus Christ discussing South African politics will certainly be various. Perhaps it is enough for us to acknowledge the serious purpose of this first part. The second, which describes Halket's application of his vision to the circumstances attendant on his service as trooper actively engaged against the blacks, is far stronger, and far more sympathetic. The last scenes of Halket, trooper and martyr, ignorant fool, and yet, under the influence of the light just shed on him, a saint, reckless of earthly fate, are described with a calm, restrained power which marks the highest point the writer's powers have reached as yet.

PHROSO. A Romance. By Anthony Hope. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. 6s. (Methuen.)

"The Prisoner of Zenda" not excepted, this is the best of Mr. Anthony Hope's stories of romantic adventure. It combines the subtlety which he has exhibited in his English social studies, with a vigour and happiness of invention he has never before maintained for so long at a time. It must take a very high place indeed in the adventure fiction of to-day, for its energy and grace, and its excellent power of entertainment. The story turns on the purchase by a rich young Englishman of a Greek island, and on the indignation of the inhabitants, which is embittered and complicated by treacherous villainy under the mask of patriotism. The incidents come thick on each other's heels, and we have not felt a moment's cessation of the interest. We have but one fault to find with it. There is a streak of insincerity in the hero's keeping up the farce of his engagement to Beatrice Hipgrave. He knows he never cared for her. She knows it, and we know it, too. We don't feel Wheatley is a more excellent young man because he pretends to stick to his promise to an objectionably worldly young woman, who was ready to cry off when she found a better chance, thus making the charming Greek girl, whom he is hotly in love with, too long unhappy. It all seems like an unnecessary playing to the gallery. But otherwise there is not a fault to be found with this stirring and delightful story, into which Mr. Hope has found it worth while to put his best workmanship.

TATTERLEY. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

We have here a story so kindly, so pathetic, so able in its presentment of a difficult, some might even say, an impossible situation, that we linger over it as we do over very few of the books that pass before us. The inspiration is from Dickens, though there is no direct imitation. Caleb Fry, the skinflint, money-grabbing old bachelor has to be taught that his miserable cynicism, his arid, unblessed life, is not human existence as it need be; that beyond the pursuit of wealth there is a bright something which his heart is not too dead to treasure. The means of his conversion we have no right to disclose. It is very original, a little improbable, some may say; it brings Caleb into contact with life as he had never been brought before, and makes the old bitter curmudgeon the kindly sympathiser with a charming young romance. Mr. Gallon is no weak sentimentalist, and he boldly takes the responsibility of his plot. Caleb has sacrificed much for a desperate freak of curiosity. He cannot get his fortune back, and he dies a poverty-stricken old man. Only he has made his discovery, and at his death he is not alone.

CHUN TI-KUNG. By Claude A. Rees. (Heinemann.)

On the title-page of his book, Mr. Rees explains that "Chun Ti-Kung" is a novel, but though there is some slight thread of story running through it, the interest and value of the book lie entirely in the carefully considered and detailed pictures of Chinese life that it presents. Mr. Rees is doing for China what several writers have already done for Japan, that is, weaving complications of outward and alien views into an exceedingly valuable and interesting account of Chinese habits and customs. Doubtless to specialists and learned people the book would prove elementary enough, but not many people are sufficiently advanced to read Dr. Martin with profit, and to them "Chun Ti-Kung" will be welcome, for although Mr. Rees imparts information in every line, and we are always hearing something new, his book is not one which, in the obvious effort to "combine amusement with instruction," fails either to amuse or teach. The English girl who is married to the hero, and who commits suicide when she hears that he has already a native wife, is sketched with considerable skill; but when Mr. Rees tries to be facetious and describe the missionary's wife, he goes quite wrong, and degenerates into caricature. The binding of the story bears a curious willow pattern in two blues, and is distinctly pretty.

CAOBA: A Tale of the Cuban Rebellion. By P. H. Emerson. (David Nutt.)

Mr. Emerson's name is favourably known for his sketches of rural life, and we are sorry to see it on the title-page of "Caoba." The book is not a badly written book by any means, but it bears the imprint of having been "made up" for the occasion. It is as though Mr. Emerson had said to himself: "There is a rebellion in Cuba! A book about the Cuban Rebellion has not been done: I will do it at once." In this story, which we repeat is by no means destitute of merit, the author follows the irritating habit of making his characters interlard their conversation with little scraps of Spanish argot. The servants, for instance, say: "*Bendicion, mi amo*" as they come into the room, and so on. All these attempts to bring in local colour by means of italicised language are inartistic, and smack of the dictionary. Of Caoba, the guerilla chief, there is not much to be said, except that he is black and very brave, and evidently inspired by Maceo. We take just enough interest in him to feel sorry when on the last page of the book we read, "And at day-break the next morning loathsome turkey-buzzards were tearing and gorging the flesh of Caoba, the guerilla chief."

LORD HARBOROUGH. By Anne Elliot. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Such a genuine old-fashioned three-volume novel as this comes into a reader's hands but seldom nowadays. The boy brought up as a joiner who afterwards becomes an earl, we have all met before, and the wonderful thing about Mrs. Elliot's book is that she has made it so interesting. The story is written throughout in a graceful and cultured style, with not the slightest trace of pose on the one hand, or vulgarity on the other. The sketches of the lower classes—the policeman's wife, the butler, and the retired ladies' maid—are touched in with great dexterity, and whether we take tea in the kitchen with the joiner or skate

with the young ladies of high degree on the lake at Bamford Castle there is never a single hint of caricature. The best piece of characterisation in the tale is the tutor, Mr. Musgrave, a cynical Cambridge man, who is drawn with a truth and quiet attention to detail that is inimitable. We confess that we did not expect to be so agreeably surprised as we have been during the reading of this book. It is not great art, of course, and not in any way a book that will make a stir, but in its degree it is almost without blemish, and certainly ought to have many friends.

GILBERT MURRAY. By A. E. Houghton. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

This is a readable story so long as you let it slide over your leisure and give no thought to it. A little observation will discover that it is very crudely written, and a little reflection that the personages are not cut out of real human nature at all. The saint of the book, for instance, becomes engaged to the heroine, though he never means to marry her, just because he thinks he can keep her in hand for the hero, and because he happens to have bought the hero's mother's engagement ring when her property was dispersed. And the heroine, loving the hero, acquiesces in the arrangement of the saint. Here is an extraordinary dictum—we wish it were true: "In the south, at any rate, very few people under fifty years of age belonging to what are called the lower classes, misplace their h's."

TOMALYN'S QUEST. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Innes.)

We have from the very first chapter so hearty an affection for Tomalyn, in love or out of it, when he is fighting fiery duels with red-currant jelly, or making some other blessed kind of fool of himself, that the book through which we make his acquaintance must be dubbed a good one. It is a very lively and a very clever story, and one where local colour—Turkish this time—is used with skill and not in ostentatious daubs; distinctly a book to read. But Mr. Burgin takes our breath away by the occasionally unhappy results of his invention. The device by which Miss Ulverstone gained the one thing necessary to make her a beautiful woman is revolting, and we resent so lively and so delightful a story coming to a good end by such a misuse of ingenuity.

A MISSING WITNESS. By Frank Barrett. 6s. (Chatto.)

Mr. Barrett has a happy knack of putting his readers in a good humour with himself, his book, and life. He raises no very high expectations on the grounds of originality or art, but he can tell a wholesome, amiable story in such a way that no one can call it dull or insipid. The mysterious convict husband, whom we know so well, turns up as a welcome old friend; but the sensible, kindly, unaffected atmosphere in which the characters live and move, prevents the usual objectionable accompaniments of melodrama. A wrong righted, a villain brought to justice, and two happy love stories, should suffice to fill an idle hour very pleasantly.

GENTLEMAN GEORGE. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. 6s. (Hurst.)

This story of the man of good birth and education who played the fool with his chances and sunk to poverty and contentment with the humblest surroundings, is told with sympathy and skill. An idler with spots of dissipation in his past, he is still, at fifty, uncorrupted, a kindly-natured, humorously philosophic soul, hail fellow well met with every suffering man and any kind of child. The only passage where Mrs. Martin seems to us to err is where she makes him correct, a little resentfully, some passing strangers' impressions that he is a tramp. The usual reader will not quarrel with her resolution to make him happy and respectable and prosperous at last. But she very wisely concludes that the interest in him ends with his hard times.

THE DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO. By Frank Aubrey. (Hutchinson.)

Here is an adventure story, which, so far as we know, is written round an absolutely new monster. In the traditional city of Manoa—the veritable Eldorado which sprang into being around the camp fires of Cortez and Pizarro—Mr. Aubrey writes of a gigantic and bloodthirsty tree, which is alive with coiling, writhing branches, and has a man for breakfast every morning. This vegetable horror grows in the middle of a sort of amphitheatre, and is worked as a religious spectacle, and for the private ends of one Coryon, a treacherous but imposing high-priest. Readers of sentiment will find a relief from the performances of the "Devil Tree" in a well-sustained love interest, for there is a beautiful princess and more than one plucky young Englishman. The book is strikingly original in its central idea, is undeniably gruesome, and frequently exciting. Mr. Aubrey, however, is too lengthy, and his style is by no means a thing of beauty. It is a great pity that writers of these books are not content to say less and to say it better. But, in spite of such drawbacks, we must acknowledge that Mr. Aubrey has really given us a capital tale.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

NOTES FROM A DIARY. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. 2 vols. (Murray.)

These are pages from a diary regularly kept since its author was eighteen, the present selections extending from 1851 to 1872, and being prefatory to others that will doubtless be given us at some future date. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has seen much and remembered much. He has been interested in life under many aspects; so he has every excuse for publishing his observations. The character of his present work, and perhaps the limitations of its interest, are determined by his resolution to be as lightly entertaining as possible, and to produce "one of the most good-natured books of its kind ever printed"—*Horas non numero nisi serenas*. He has kept to his last purpose consistently, and to the former also, save for the inclusion of a hitherto unreprinted essay on the State of Italy in 1867, and some remarks on Poland quoted from one of his essays on "Studies in European Politics." With the exception of the few passages of this kind, it is not Grant Duff the politician and the statesman we keep company with; and therefore it is not Grant Duff at his best. It is the traveller in search of the picturesque, the lover of literature, of speculation; the man of society, the friend of distinguished people, the appreciator of their wit, their industrious reporter. He has been everywhere and seen everyone, that is, everywhere on the beaten track, and everyone whom the world has delighted to honour. He has no abnormal curiosities and interests. The list of distinguished persons with whom he has lived on terms of intimacy, or met under favourable circumstances, is a very long one, including Browning, Carlyle, Cavour, Clough, Cobden, Darwin, George Eliot, Freytag, Froude, Kinglake, Kossuth, Lamartine, Renan, and a host of others. Not all the entries under these names are very interesting. This about George Eliot, for instance, points rather to the need of cooking a diary: "She receives ever Sunday afternoon, and has a good deal of skill in managing a *salon*, in addition to her other gifts." But it is a poor specimen. There are better, and we quote one or two at haphazard.

"Mr. Lewes told Roger Collard's answer when some one asked him if it was true that he had called Guizot an 'austère intriguant,'—'Est-ce que j'ai dit austère?'"

"There is a good story going about Paris, at present, of an old general, Voltarian in opinion, to whom some of his family read the *Vie de Jésus* on his death-bed. After getting pretty well into the book, he said, '*Enfin il était Dieu*,' sent for the priest, and died reconciled to the Church."

"Had a curious conversation with Thackeray at the Cosmopolitan about a French invasion *apropos* of the fiery Colonel with regard to whom there was a good deal of talk at this time. He said, alluding to his recent candidature at Oxford—'The chief reason why I wished to be in Parliament was that I might stand up once a year and tell my countrymen what will happen when the French invade us.'"

In his intercourse with "interesting" people, he showed no egotism, loved to make them talk of their own subjects, treasured their *mots*, and sometimes their dulness. His love of art and of natural beauty is just as keen, just as sincere; and his travel records are always intelligent and often graphic. His good taste is only equalled by his good manners, which are manifested to things and places as to human beings. On every occasion he pays the due traditional homage to scenes made famous by poets, heroes, and historians. He reads Matthew Arnold's "Summer Night"

at Cette, his "Obermann" by the Lake of Geneva; a meagre sentence in Carlyle sends him to the Val d'Aure; and by Byron and every other topographical poet he is helped to fitting moods of reverence. Not very spontaneous does he show himself, not very confident in his own unaided susceptibility, but tremendously sincere, charmingly appreciative, the beau ideal of the courteous wayfarer through life.

VISITS TO THE MONASTERIES OF THE LEVANT. By the Hon. Robert Curzon, jun. With Maps and Illustrations. The New Library. (Newnes.)

This is an old book of travel which we are glad to meet with again. The Egypt of the thirties and the Jerusalem of those days have changed much; the monasteries of Meteora and Mount Athos are no longer the happy hunting-ground of the ancient manuscript seeker. That means that Curzon's book is no longer a guide. It is better—it is a fascinating picture of an interesting condition of things that has nearly passed away, and as a spirited narrative of travel it has few rivals of its own or of our own times. Curzon was not merely a politician and a scholar, but an enterprising man with the most lively curiosity, and with the true artist's eye. We wish the New Library reprints all success so long as they are of this order of interest and value.

SONGS FROM THE GREEK. By Jane M. Sedgwick. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

The statelier, the soberer of the songs were likely to have the more successful reproduction in English, one would have thought. But it is not the case here. The unfamiliar verse-plans of the songs from the dramatists are not always very happy. The Hymn to Love from the Hippolytus is only interesting, not attractive, in this rendering. And sometimes the translations are very clumsy, as in the well-known lines from the "Œdipus"—

> "Man's happiest lot is never
> To draw in vital breath,
> And his second best is ever
> To be early freed by death."

With the lighter specimens, on the other hand, the translator has shown much more skill; and the Anacreontic—

> "When thou forgest silver,
> Forge for me, Hephæstus—
> Not a suit of armour;
> What care I for battles?—
> But a hollow goblet—"

loses little of its sparkle in her hands.

THE LAND OF THE DOLLAR. By G. W. Steevens. (Blackwood.)

These journals of an English newspaper correspondent in America last year, during the Free Silver clamour and contest, were well worth reprinting. They have no pretensions to solidity, or to permanent value. Mr. Steevens is not a philosophic watcher of the whole of American social life like Bourget, nor does he, in the wake of Mr. Bryce, try to account for the political conditions of the States. He writes of the day and for the day. It is all pure journalism, and light journalism at that, but every line is lively, commonsensible, quick-witted, and unprejudiced. He sometimes flashes an observation in a word or two which Bourget would have taken a chapter to elaborate. And what a Presidential election is really like to the onlooker—quite apart from its moral and material significance—has never been half so well described before. East and west, north and south, he carried a shrewd and a good-natured eye over American politics and labour, over national and local traits; and we take his report none the less seriously that there is not a heavy paragraph in his book from first to last.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. By Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. 15s. net. (John Lane.)

The collaboration of illustrator and printer here has had the most successful result in a handsome and a beautiful volume. Mr. New's pictures aim at presenting the topographical interest of the famous and favourite book. He has followed every track of Walton and of Cotton, and where the old buildings have disappeared, has had recourse to prints. But while this topographical aim has been uppermost, at least nine-tenths of his drawings of old-world England are charming in themselves, vigorously executed, and as we have already said, in harmony with the neighbouring type. From the literary point of view, at least, the book has never been better edited. Mr. Le Gallienne, for his introduction and appendices, has ransacked all the best authorities, and presents us with agreeable summaries of all that is known about the gentle Walton. Anglers proud of their sport should own this handsome volume of the classic. It makes a still directer appeal to those who have followed the sport for love of Walton and of quiet streams, those to whom Mr. Le Gallienne refers in his dedication to Lord Crewe:

> "Peace, if not fish, was theirs, and peace is best."

THROUGH LONDON SPECTACLES. By Constance Milman. 3s. 6d. (Smith and Elder.)

Of the several kinds of papers in this amiable volume, those reminiscent of country scenes, those which are reflective on life, and such as speak of the enjoyment of books, mostly old, we give our preference to the last. On the "thrice noble Margaret Newcastle," on "Evelina," and on Charles Lamb's Plays, Miss Milman talks well. The sum of it all is not enlightening criticism, but it is gentle and pleasant entertainment. The other papers less fully justify their republication. One artistic mistake Miss Milman makes and too often repeats. Her reflections and descriptions are put into the mouth of an old bachelor, whose personality she seeks constantly to vivify by the mention of his old shooting-jacket and his much-loved pipe. But the tobacco he smokes is odourless, and it never once discolours the particularly ladylike sentiments concerning nature, and literature, and all the other topics of the writer's survey. We do not long for the odour of tobacco; we only say the toy pipe is an artistic mistake. But we have found one unforgivable thing in the book. She loves nature, and yet she tells approvingly of a friend who "has taken a piece of heatherland into his garden. . . . He has cut half-moons and medallions in the purple heather and plants out verbenas and begonias and nasturtiums" in it. We hope the wild spirits of the moorland will blight that Philistine's purple patches, and decently release the heather from its degradation.

THE LOVER'S MISSAL. By Eric Mackay. Canterbury Poets. 2s. (W. Scott.)

The lover's ten litanies, in the keys of Virgo Dulcis, Salve Regina, Lilium inter Spinas, Gloria in Excelsis, and so on, are all very prettily passionate, and the other poems are all very eloquent. They mean something, too, but not very much. We soon come to the end of it, and tire of so much sweetness unseasoned by thought.

> "I see thee clip the air, and rush and reel,
> As if excess of zeal
> Had giddied thee in thy chromatic joys;
> And overhead dost poise
> With outstretched wings of love that bless while they appeal."

There is verse of this calibre *ad infinitum*, varied by patriotic and loyal effusions, just as eloquent and rather less spontaneous.

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF ROME IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By F. Gregorovius. Vol. IV., Parts 1 and 2. (G. Bell and Sons.)

These two volumes carry the story through the eleventh and twelfth centuries. It has now emerged from the confusion and obscurity of the Dark Ages. Rome is no longer an effete provincial city perpetually occupied by the petty squabbles of local families, by vestry rows and clerical intrigues, and only by fits and starts appearing before the world as a capital. It has become the centre to which the eyes of all Europe are directed, and presents a constant succession of scenes worthy of all Dr. Gregorovius' powers of narration. Apart from the growing interest of the subject, the work seems steadily to improve as it proceeds. There are fewer dry or superfluous details, the events appear to be more dramatically grouped, and more life is infused into the narrative. Moreover the antiquarian and architectural sections, always excellent, become more solidly interesting, since dealing with buildings

many centuries younger they are less burdened by learned conjectures and theories. We congratulate the translator on the steady progress of her task, and on its uniform success.

LECTURES ON ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, delivered in Norwich Cathedral. With Preface by the Dean of Norwich. 7s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

These lectures by eminent Churchmen on the early history of Christianity, mostly as represented by the lives and works of the Fathers, have all the advantages and disadvantages of their popular purpose. To give, for instance, an idea of the philosophy of Origen to the miscellaneous audience that would seek light on it from a lecture in a cathedral, the expositor must be content with very general statements, and satisfied if he have awakened an appetite for more. But it must be granted that most of the writers—we especially mention Prebendary Leathes, Archdeacon Sinclair, and Bishop Barry, in their lectures on Irenæus, Cyprian, and St. Ambrose, respectively, have contrived to give a distinctive impression of great personalities, and of modes of thought that have moved the world, and they have done it without violating accuracy. The course should be a model for many others. The Dean of Norwich in a preface, which is a rather fulsome eulogy of the work and influence of the cathedrals to-day in the Church, sums up the effect which he hopes the lectures may produce in his "clear conviction: Ecclesiastical history is a powerful cordial against ecclesiastical pessimism."

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, E. A.—The Spirit on the Waters, the Evolution of the Divine from the Human, 12/6 net .....Macmillan

Bible, The Modern Reader's. Edited by R. G. Moulton. Chronicles, 2/6 .....Macmillan

Book of Judges in Greek, ed. A. E. Brooke and N. McLean, 2/6 Cambridge Press

BUXTON, Rev. H. J. Wilmot.—Bought with a Price, Nine Sermons, 2/6 Skeffington

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The Age of Hildebrand, by Prof. M. R. Vincent; The Age of the Western Schism, by the Rev. Clinton Locke; The Age of the Crusaders, by J. M. Ludlow, 6/- each T. & T. Clark

FARRAR, F. W., and Others.—Prophets of the Christian Faith, 5/- J. Clarke

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GLAZEBROOK, Rev. M. G.—Lessons from the Old Testament, Senior Course, Vol. I., 4/- net; Notes on ditto, 2/6 net Rivington

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[*See p.* 183.]

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[*See p.* 179.]

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[*See p.* 182.]

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[*See p.* 182.]

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CLODD, E., Pioneers of Evolution, 5/-.....Richards
[*See p.* 178.]
CONDER, Lieut.-Col. C. R.—The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, 1099-1291, 7/6 net.....Palestine Exploration Fund
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[*See p.* 183.]
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FROUDE, J. A.—The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon, 3/6, Silver Library.....Longmans
GIBBON, EDWARD—Unpublished Works of, Vol. 1: Autobiographies, ed. by J. Murray, 8vo., 12/-; Vols. 2 and 3, Private Letters, edited by R. E. Prothero, 8vo., 24/-.....Murray
[*See p.* 176.]
GILL, W. A.—Edward Cracroft Lefroy.....Lane
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[*See p.* 177.]
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ROBERTS, LORD, 2 vols., 36/- .....Bentley
RUSSELL, R. H.—The Edge of the Orient, 8/6 .....K. Paul
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[*See p.* 184.]
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[*Includes those portions of statics needed for the Science and Art Second (Advanced) Stage Examination in Theoretical Mechanics. The questions and examination papers at the end are very full and intelligently selected.*]
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[*One of the most useful books existing for students of botany. It contains accurate and full information upon the morphology, classification, and natural history, etc., of all plants commonly met with. The student who has this book and the chances which Kew, or even one of the smaller gardens, afford him, will make a steady and really scientific progress.*]

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CLARKE, Sir G. S. and THURSFIELD, J. R.—The Navy and the Nation, 14/- ..... Murray

CRAIK, H.—English Prose Selections, vol. 5, 19th Century, 8/6 Macmillan

DAWKIN, G. H.—Present-Day Sires and the Figure System, 160 Pedigrees of Horses, 6/- ..... H. Cox

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[*Invaluable for booksellers. The arrangement of the material cannot be too highly praised for its perfect clearness, its fulness and accuracy, which we have tested in many instances. The titles being printed in full is an improvement which must be much appreciated.*]

EVERARD, H. S. C.—Golf in Theory and Practice, illustrated, 3/6, Bell

[*Plunging into Mr. Everard's book we find ourselves on hallowed ground. As he honestly wishes that the noble game may flourish, the main part is practical; by diagrams, photographs, counsels, his own and other experts', he shows what must, and especially what must not, be done. But the game is not a mere base amusement to him. It is poetry and inspiration; and he opens the door of an inner sanctuary to the worthy. His book is a particularly well-written one, and should have a wide popularity in the coming season.*]

FORD, H.—The Art of Extempore Speaking ..... Stock

[*There are questionable suggestions given here, but on the whole the advice is sound, and all the more reliable that there is no pointing to any very speedy means of attaining to fluent and coherent expression, which, as the writer points out, is closely associated with habits of thought.*]

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MELVILLE, J.—Crystal-Gazing and and the Wonders of Clairvoyance, 5/- ..... Nicholls

MILL, J. S.—Early Essays, 3/6 ..... Bell

MILMAN, C.—Through London Spectacles, 3/6 ..... Smith, Elder

[*See p.* 184.]

MITCHELL, W.—Billiards, edited by W. H. Robins and S. Mussabini, 1/- ..... Dean

[*A serviceable handbook. The diagrams are particularly good.*]

MORTIMER, J.—Industrial Lancashire, 3/- ..... Simpkin

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NEW EDITION.

WALTON AND COTTON.—Compleat Angler, edited by R. Le Gallienne, illustrated by E. H. New, 15/- net ..... Lane

[*See p.* 184.]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between January 15th and February 15th, 1897:—

LONDON, E.C.

1. Gore's Sermon on the Mount. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)
2. Nansen. £2 2s. net. (Constable.)
3. The Face of the Waters. 6s. (Heinemann.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. 5s. (Hodder.)
5. Modern Readers' Bible vols. 2s. 6d. each. (Macmillan)
6. Rodney Stone. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

LONDON, W.C.

1. Forty-one Years in India. Lord Roberts. 2 vols. 36s.
2. Memoir of Lord Bowen. 10s. 6d.
3. Travels in West Africa. M. Kingsley. 21s. net.
4. Phroso. A. Hope. 6s.
5. Pioneers of Evolution. Clodd. 5s. net.
6. On the Face of the Waters. Steel. 6s.

Trade fairly brisk except for recent fiction, which is below par and happily scarce.

MANCHESTER.

1. Nansen's Farthest North, 2 vols.
2. Lord Roberts' India, 2 vols.
3. Corelli's Ziska.
4. Mark Twain's Works. 3s. 6d.
5. Anthony Hope's Phroso.
6. Barrie's Margaret Ogilvy.

GLASGOW.

1. Nansen's Furthest North. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Constable.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. F. A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)
3. Margaret Ogilvy. Barrie. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
4. Ziska. Marie Corelli. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)
5. Falstaff Shakespeare. 3s. 6d. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)
6. The Right of Systematic Theology. Dr. Warfield. 2s. (T. & T. Clark.)

BURNLEY.

1. Nansen's Farthest North. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Constable & Co.)
2. Windsor Magazine volumes, in sets of four. 30s. (Ward, Lock.)
3. Nansen's Life, 1861-93. 12s. 6d. (Longmans.)
4. The Duchess Lass. By Caroline Masters. 3s. 6d. (Warne & Co.)
5. A Frenchman in America. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin & Co)
6. Modern Cycles. By Wallis Taylor. 10s. 6d. (Lockwood & Co.)

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Lord Roberts, Forty-one Years in India. 2 vols.
2. Dr. Nansen, Farthest North. 2 vols.
3. Marie Corelli, Ziska.
4. Anthony Hope, Phroso.
5. Reginald St. Barbe, Francesca Halstead.
6. Lord Bowen's Life.

BRADFORD.

1. Margaret Ogilvy. Barrie. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Pioneers of Evolution. Clodd. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)
3. Face of the Waters. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)
4. Tuttlebury Tales. Platts. 2s. 6d. (Digby, Long.)
5. French Revolution. Malet. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)
6. Westward Ho! Kingsley. 3s. 6d. New illustrated edition. (Macmillan.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Nansen's Farthest North. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Constable.)
2. Keith's Plea for a Simpler Faith. 2s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)
3. Chambers' Life and Works of Burns. Vol. 4. 7s. 6d. (W. & R. Chambers.)
4. James Boswell. By Keith Leask. Famous Scots Series. 1s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
5. Carlyle's Heroes and Hero-Worship. Centenary edition. 3s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)
6. Pulpit Commentary. Cheap re-issue. Vol. 1. Genesis. 6s. (Kegan Paul.)

SUNDERLAND.

1. Barrie's Margaret Ogilvy. 5s. (Hodder.)
2. Anthony Hope's Phroso. 6s. (Heinemann.)
3. Liddon's Occasional Sermons. 5s. (Longmans.)
4. Kipling's Seven Seas. 5s. (Methuen.)
5. Barrie's Sentimental Tommy. 6s. (Cassell.)
6. Corelli's novels generally.

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1. Simple Lessons in Irish. Rev. E. O'Growney. 3 parts (12th thousand). 1s. (Gill.)
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3. Pioneer Work in the Alps of New Zealand. Harper.
4. Phroso. Anthony Hope.
5. Responsibilities of God. Carmichael.
6. Beyond the Vale. Croker.

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(*Second-hand.*)

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LIVERPOOL.

Renshaw Street, the "Booksellers' Row" of Liverpool, is doomed. The City Council has resolved by a majority of 68 votes to widen it (with a minimum width of 60 feet) to allow a double tramway line to be laid, and, strange to say, decided that the best and most modern side of the street should be reconstructed.

BURNLEY.

All very quiet here, and the local trade (cotton weaving) very bad, and threatenings of a strike. Rather poor look-out.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

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Thomson (Joseph), To the African Lakes and Back.
Lloyd's Encyclo-Dictionary, vols. 6 and 7, pub. cloth.
Selous' Hunter's Experiences in Africa.
Kennan's Siberia and the Exile System, 2 vols.
Barlow's Irish Idylls, and other novels by same author.
Nicholson's History of Galloway.
Miller's Scotch Nursery Songs.
Edgar's Old Church Life, vol. 1.
Ramage's Drumlanrig.
Reid's Moorland Rhymes, cheap.
Douglas, or Field of Otterburn.
McDowall's History of Dumfries.
Jerome's Told after Supper.
Aird's Old Bachelor (Blackwood).

HENRY BOND, CITY LIBRARIAN, LINCOLN.

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THOMAS CARVER, 8, HIGH TOWN, HEREFORD.

Coleridge, Table Talk; Bohn.
Payne Galwey, Fowler in Ireland.
Blackie, Horæ Hellenicæ.
Cobban's Vocabulary.
Plain Dealer, 1724 or
Francis, Poetry of Fly Fishing.
Angler, The, vol. 4.
Hume's History of England, vol. 1. Cadell, 1792.
Wakeman's Antiquarian Excursions in Monmouthshire, 1860.
Familiar Garden Flowers, vol. 4.

F. CATTLE, 6, BATH ST., ILKESTON.

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" Auccasin and Nicolete, 1st ed.
Longfellow, 1st American eds.

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Cauldfield's Blackguardiana.
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Shakespeare, Sonnets, early eds.
Walton's Angler, 1653, 1655, 1661.
Hero and Leander, 1598, 1600, 1606.
Campion, Masque of Flowers, 1614.
Beaumont (F.), Poems, 1640.
England's Helicon, 1600, 1614.
Surrey (Earl), Poems, 1557, 1574, 1585.
Dekker (Thos.), any works by.

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Dallas' The Gay Science.
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Caldwell's Schopenhauer's System in its Philosophical Significance.

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WILLIAM HARVIE, 37, MELVILLE DRIVE, MOTHERWELL, N.B.

Volumes of Wit and Wisdom journal.
Vols. of Glasgow "Quiz."

T. S. HIGSON, KIRKGATE, SHIPLEY, YORKSHIRE.

Fra. Howard, Science of Drawing, 3 parts ed., Pickering, London, 1840.
London Catalogue of Periodicals, Newspapers, any.
Life of a Book, a melody, 4to, 1820.
Books lent by a Victim, L.P., 1856.
Book Catalogues, any.
Bibliotheca Americana, ed. 1865, or any.

FRED. KIRK, 42, MELBOURNE STREET, LEICESTER.

Ex Libris Journal, parts or bound, 1896.
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Poems Lyrical and Dramatic; Queen of the Hid Isle, by Evelyn Douglas.
Aino Folk Tales.

J. P. LLOYD, BRADFORD ST., MANCHESTER.

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Book Prices Current, vol. 1.
Proceedings Institute of Civil Engineers, vols. 1 to 19.
Proceedings Association Municipal and Sanitary Engineers, vols. 1 to 15.
Annandale's, Miss, Dictionary of Bible (Blackie).
Chaffer's Pottery and Porcelain, thick 8vo.
Expository Times, vols. 1-7 (T. & T. Clark).
Oxenham on the Atonement.

J. N. MACKINLAY, 492, SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW.

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Dullees' Accidents and Emergencies.
Egyptian Campaign, 2 vols., by Chas. Royle.

MACNIVEN & WALLACE, 138, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

Scottish Mountaineering Journal, Nos. 1, 2, 5 to 8.

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Lewes, History of Philosophy.
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Bacon's Abridgment of Laws.
Collyns, Chase of the Wild Red Deer.
Fortescue, Staghunting, 1887.
Meredith, 1st edits., any.

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Seebohm's Oxford Reformers, 1498.

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Horne on the Psalms, with Introduction by Rev. E. Irving, 3 vols, 1825, 1s. 6d.
Rev. Edward Irving on the Prophecies, 2 vols., 1826, 1s. 6d.
Methodism in the Thirsk Circuit, by E. Ward, 1860, 1s. 6d.
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